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5 color pages
and a report

By Peter Newman

BLAIR FRASER reports from behind the Iron Curtain
ELAINE GRAND — she's TV's first Atlantic commuter
CHARLIE CONACHER recalls "Big moments I remember"

MACLEAN'S

MARCH 16 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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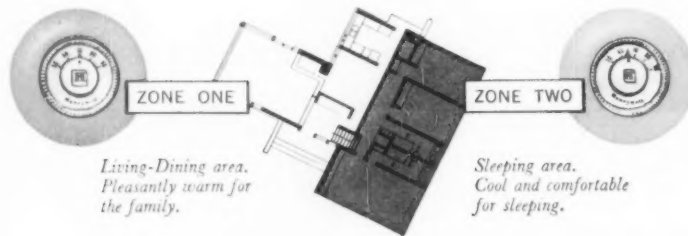
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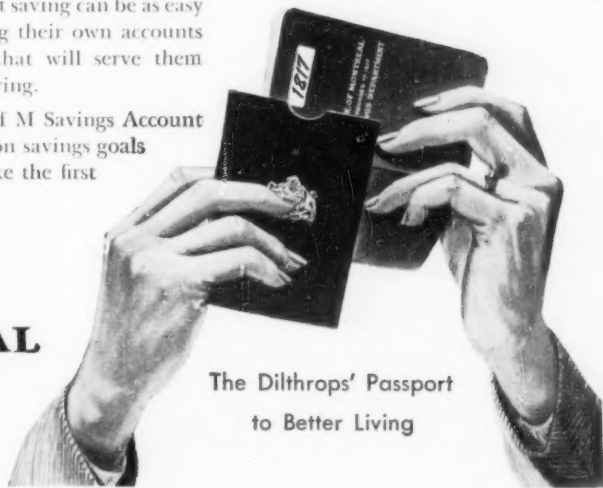
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH 16, 1957

VOLUME 70

NUMBER 6

Editorial

The terrible price of a red carpet

There has been a lot of talk recently about the "free world," as opposed to the slave world. It is a glib phrase, used by Western politicians, and like most glib phrases it is, to say the least, inexact.

Recently the head of state of the largest and wealthiest nation in the free world greeted the head of state of a smaller nation in the free world. He did so with what is generally described as "pomp and ceremony." Indeed he used more pomp and ceremony than he has ever used before for any leader of any nation, free or fettered. He came himself to the airport, something he has never done before. He quite literally rolled out a red carpet. He even gave a cocktail party without cocktails in deference to his guest's teetotalism.

The guest had arrived on several errands. Two seemed strangely disparate: he wanted to place a million-dollar order with General Motors for a fleet of jewel-encrusted Cadillacs; he wanted to ask for military aid to keep his free country from falling into Communist thrall.

His little corner of the "free world" is a twentieth-century curiosity. The king gets an income of three hundred million dollars a year, but one out of every three of his subjects has only a tent as a home and only one in twenty can read or write.

Filth and disease are plentiful and life is cheap. Thousands are held in bondage, for human slavery is not only legal, it is a way of life. A convicted thief has his

right hand chopped off and traitors are tortured with lighted tapers inserted under their fingernails, or by being roasted alive over a slow fire.

How is it then that King Saud, the slave-owner, can be welcomed in Washington with unprecedented pomp? (With more pomp than Pandit Nehru, Winston Churchill, David Ben-Gurion, Chiang Kai-shek, Louis St. Laurent or Anthony Eden, who wasn't welcomed at all.)

The answer is a realistic one. Without the U.S. red carpet, in its broadest sense, Saud's country may fall into the hands of the Communists, and that is a bad thing. Not a bad thing for Saud's wretched subjects, who could hardly be worse off under Red slavery than under Saud slavery, but a bad thing for us because we then couldn't have the oil that gives Saud the income he needs to buy limousines and slaves, and maintain a harem of five hundred women.

With a sinking heart, we agree that all this is probably practical and unavoidable. At the moment we cannot afford to be beastly to King Saud, the absolute monarch of Arabia. But we cannot agree with the sham that labels Saud an Okay-guy because he hasn't got a Red tag on him but has got oil. Still more, we reject the greatest fiction of all: the pretense that twentieth-century diplomacy is somehow different from nineteenth-century diplomacy, and that because it has become more open it has become more high-minded.

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The cover

This young amateur, nervously trying to sing and see herself on the TV monitor at the same time, got on our cover the hard way—nosing out three TV glamour gals. Artist Rex Woods considered Shirley Harmer, Juliette and Monique Cadieux, then—all daring—picked Miss Nobody.

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Of course, any physician in your community would respond to an emergency call. It is not quite the same, however, as having your own doctor who has known you and your family through the years. When he comes, you rely on him not only as a physician, but also as a friend.

This warm relationship can be very important . . . as important, in a way, as the doctor's knowledge of medicine. This is because the family physician, in treating a patient, considers not only the current medical phases of the case, but also the patient's personal medical background. Furthermore, a doctor who has year-to-year contact with you can help ease many worries which illness often magnifies.

Whether your doctor is called for a serious emergency or a minor illness, he brings to you the latest developments of medical science. These include new methods of diagnosis, new drugs and treatments for restoring health or con-

trolling many diseases. He also brings to you his own broad knowledge of medicine gained through years of study in schools, hospitals and clinics.

There are other equally good reasons for having a family doctor. When you go to him for periodic health check-ups, he can often detect trouble early and take appropriate action promptly. Moreover, by consulting your doctor periodically, you get his advice about how to help keep in good physical condition . . . with proper diet and sensible habits of work, sleep and relaxation.

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Your family doctor will welcome an invitation to become a "part of your family circle." One of the most practical steps, therefore, that you can take for future health and happiness is to consult your family doctor *now* . . . and keep in touch with him over the years.

FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

REV. W. E. MANN SAYS

The church should meddle in politics

A few months ago two unknown and undistinguished priests in Quebec were catapulted into national prominence because they dared to pronounce an ethical judgment on the political behavior of their province. Charging that the recent election in Quebec had been a "flaunting of stupidity and immorality" in which "lying was elevated to a system," they also criticized the apathy of the Roman clergy in the face of widespread corruption, the browbeating of the electorate and the "myth of the Communist threat." Summing it up, the two young priests claimed, "Never, perhaps, has the religious crisis in our midst been so clearly revealed."

Support for this daring piece of truth-speaking apparently rose on every side, with the result that the heavily entrenched Duplessis government got a bad case of the jitters. It even looks as if the public's placid acceptance of political immorality is at an end.

We're hiding behind a cliché

The social and political evils exposed by the two Laval priests point up dramatically what often happens when the church fails to take seriously its real responsibilities in the political sphere. At the same time, the brave but lonely stand of these two priests must make many people ask, "Why didn't the official leaders of the churches in Quebec have the moral courage to speak out directly against these evils?"

I believe it is high time the Christian churches thoroughly overhauled their thinking and approach to social and political matters. For too long the hackneyed cliché, "church and politics don't mix," has obscured the duty of Christians to give a lead in all important social and political issues; for too long this cliché has encouraged a passive acquiescence by the church in social and political evils—a moral neutrality that often gave comfort to the devil.

Let's admit, right at the start, that the church's relationship to politics is neither simple nor quickly or comfortably resolved.

First, there must be good hard thinking as to just what is the function of the church with regard to our world of the twentieth century. I believe this can be summed up by saying the job of the church is to permeate and transform the society in which it is placed, so that more and more its various branches and activities reflect the divine will for justice, truth and love



Dr. Mann is the executive secretary of the Diocesan Council for Social Service, Anglican Church of Canada.

among men. It's not a question of the church interfering or meddling in politics; as Dr. William Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, declared, "The Church is bound to 'interfere' because it is by vocation the agent of God's purpose, outside the scope of which no human interest or activity can fall."

The basic evil that must be combated is the compartmentalizing or segregating attitude that says, "This is the sphere of economics. That is the sphere of politics. And over there is the sphere of religion." God is over all, says the Christian, and therefore the church has to permeate and transfigure all areas of life and society.

Actually, the idea that the church shouldn't meddle in politics is not a long-established notion, but a quite-modern heresy. So much so that Lord Keynes, the great British economist, pointed out in a letter to Dr. Temple some years ago, "Leaving out the Scots . . . I can think of no one important in the development of politico-economic ideas, apart from Bentham, who was not a clergyman, and in most cases a high dignitary of the church." As evidence, Keynes mentioned Dean Swift, Bishop Fleetwood, Bishop Berkeley, Bishop Butler and the Rev. T. R. Malthus, the first man to stress the pressure of population on the food supply. In short, it's only recently that men have come to swallow the heresy that the church has nothing to do with economics and politics.

It must be emphasized, however, that it is not the business of churches to get tied up to any one political party, or any one political program. The perfect wisdom and love of God, which the church exists to proclaim to men, is far beyond the wisest program of any party. And history has shown time and **continued on page 52**

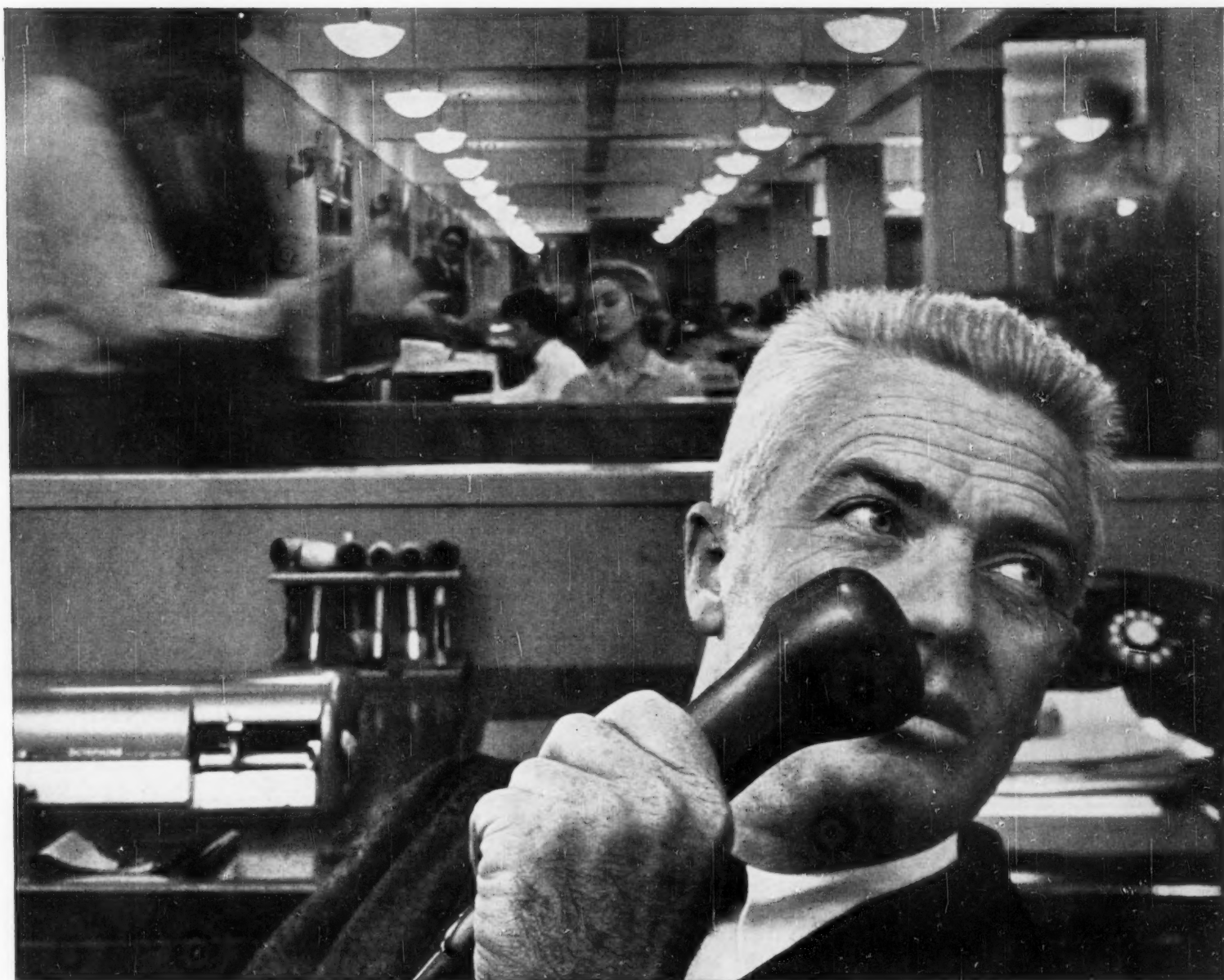
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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

How parliament spanked an editor

For a long time the British constitution was based upon the three estates—the crown, parliament and the courts of law. Then with some doubts and diffidence it came to pass that the press was unofficially accepted as the fourth estate.

There is now a fifth contender. The trade unions claim that their street-corner days are over and that they should take their place with the other pillars of the state.

However, my narrative concerns the long-established rivalry of those two estates—parliament and the press. Basically there is little love lost between the two. The journalist claims that the first requisite of a democracy is that there should be a free press—free to publish and be damned, free to make any comment that does not amount to libel, free to say that the prime minister or any other member of the House is a wobbler, a weakling, a wishful thinker, a washout, but seldom a knock-out.

But every now and then a newspaper goes too far—at any rate, in the opinion of parliament—and the Committee of Privileges meets to discuss the crime. Such an occasion was when the Sunday Express, that brilliant and lively Sabbath publication of Lord Beaverbrook's, recently decided to comment upon the emergency petrol allowance issued to MPs and to their local associations.

It must be difficult for you in Canada to understand the distress that the meagre petrol supplies have caused to thousands of people whose livelihood depends up-



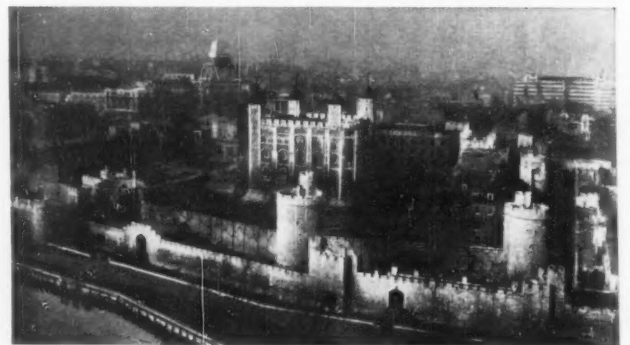
PARLIAMENT FROWNED: After attacking MPs' extra gas ration John Junor had to answer to them.

on road travel. They have built their businesses on the lorry or car that services customers in all sorts of in-and-out places off the big roads.

As an MP I have to listen to pitiful stories of constituents who are facing severe embarrassment and even ruin. All I can do is to write to the local petroleum officer to ask something that we in parliament have made impossible.

John Junor, the editor of the Sunday Express, was aware of this spreading tragedy of the little self-employed man, and was moved to wrath. He is a brilliant fellow, who is at once warmhearted and hotheaded.

A few years ago he ran as a Liberal candidate for parliament, which was a brave thing to do because the Liberal Party is finished and done with. Therefore, he may have taken some pleasure in the thought that **continued on page 51**



TOWER YAWNED: Ancient keep still threatens political prisoners.

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Backstage

AMONG THE SATELLITES

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grassick

With ears on every wall everyone has to be cautious, even at home.

After Prague Warsaw's almost free

WARSAW
Crossing the Iron Curtain is an experience that varies according to your mode of travel.

For those who have time to make the tedious journey by day train from Vienna to Prague, I'm told, the curtain is a tangible and rather alarming barrier. An electric fence, three barbed-wire entanglements one behind the other, a ten-mile Forbidden Zone inside the frontier—these are grim reminders that you're passing from a country whose people are free to a country whose people are captive. (Hungary took up the land mines and man-traps from her Austrian border last summer during the "thaw" in the Soviet world; otherwise the refugees could never have got away.)

But I know these things at second hand only. The airborne traveler sees nothing of the kind. Prague airport is like any other—much more comfortable than the squalid shanty at Dorval where Canada still receives visitors from abroad.

The reception is pleasanter, too. Returning Czechs queue for a normal-looking customs examination, but the foreigner gets special treatment. He is met by an attractive young lady from Cedok, the state travel agency, who speaks fluent English, French and German. She pilots him past an amiable cus-

tom's man who makes note of the visitor's money (it's illegal to take Czech currency either into or out of the country) but doesn't even open his bags. Within ten minutes of the plane's arrival a neat little Skoda, Czechoslovakia's own automobile, is whisking him to an excellent hotel.

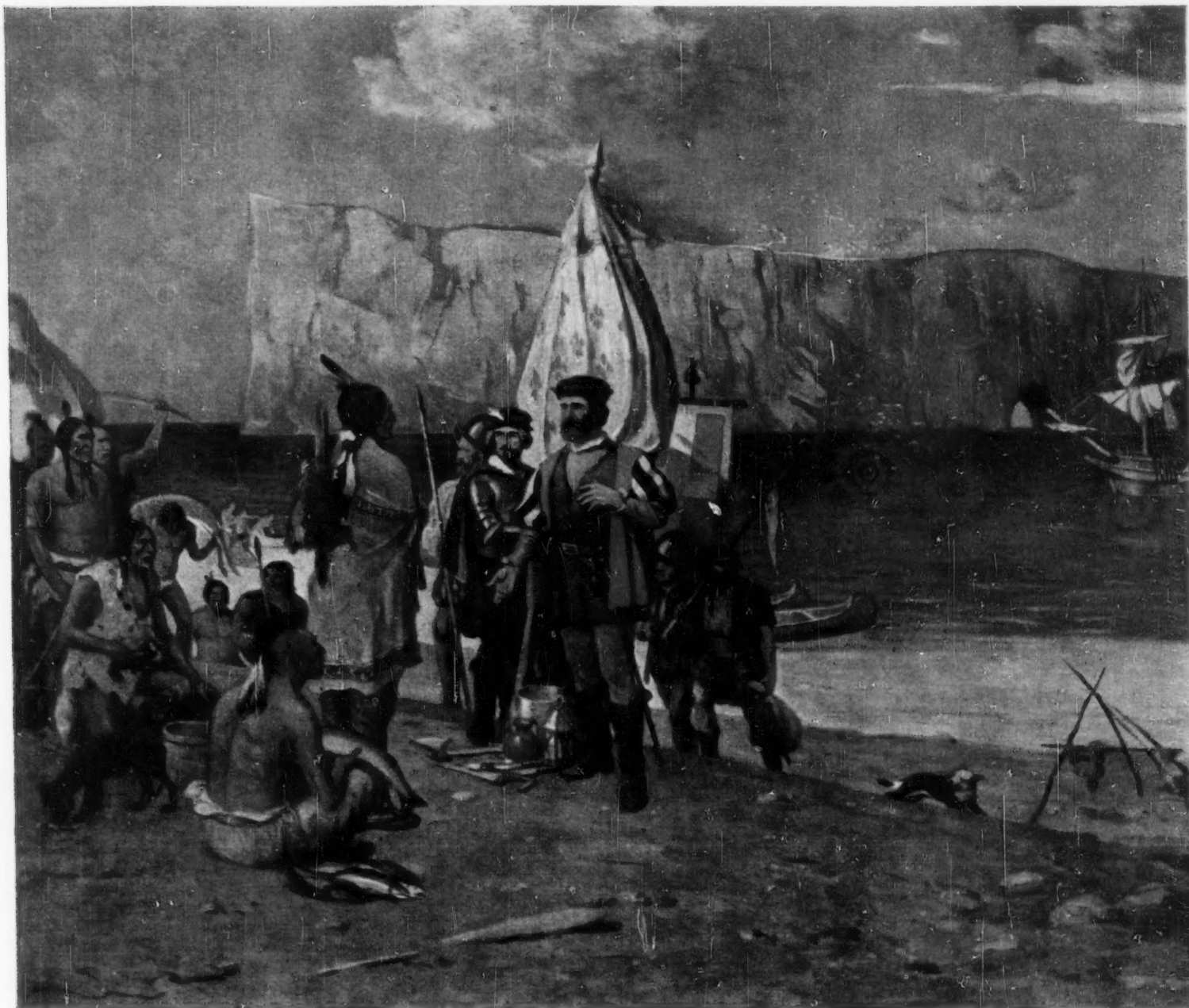
I had no occasion to remember what sort of country I was in until halfway through my first call on a Western friend. I had asked some questions about the regime—commonplace enough, but critical—and was surprised to find it caused a moment of dead silence. Then my friend, raising his voice slightly and speaking very clearly, gave an unctuous and irreproachable reply.

Later, out in the corridor, he explained: "Never ask a question like that in my office. The place is almost certainly wired for sound, with tape recorders taking down everything we say."

Westerners observe the same caution even in their homes. At dinner the following night, I mentioned the name of a man who had told me an interesting fact. My host jumped up, took the telephone off its table, put it into a closet and closed the door on it.

"Good place for a live microphone," he said as he sat down again. "Excuse the interruption: what were you saying?"

We began continued on page 66



Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of Historical Canadian Scenes.

He introduced the world to "Canada"

Among the rugged sea captains of Brittany, none had won wider renown than the master pilot of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier. So it was no surprise when, in 1534, King Francis I named Cartier to lead France's expedition to China—by way of a passage through North America.

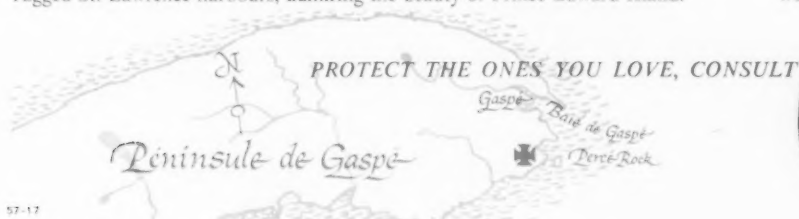
Captain Cartier didn't find this passage. He discovered Canada!

With 60 men and two ships, he sailed from St. Malo in April, 1534. The crossing took 21 days . . . and the first landfall he sighted was the ice-jammed coast of Newfoundland. For two months, Cartier piloted his tiny ships through this empire of water, rock and treacherous tides—beating through the Strait of Belle Isle, exploring rugged St. Lawrence harbours, admiring the beauty of Prince Edward Island.

July brought Captain Cartier to the shores of Gaspé, and to his first contact with trade-hungry Indians. Near Percé Rock, on July 24, the pilot of St. Malo claimed the land for France by raising a thirty-foot cross, marked with the fleur-de-lis and bearing the words "Vive le roi de France".

No, Cartier didn't find the fabled passage to the East. He *did* discover an empire—a new world of untold wealth and wonders—Canada!

Through the years, men with the spirit of Cartier have worked for the safety and security of Canadians. Today, for example, your Confederation Life man devotes his entire career to building security for *you* and your family. Quietly, constantly, he is working to build a better, more secure future for all—the Confederation Life way!



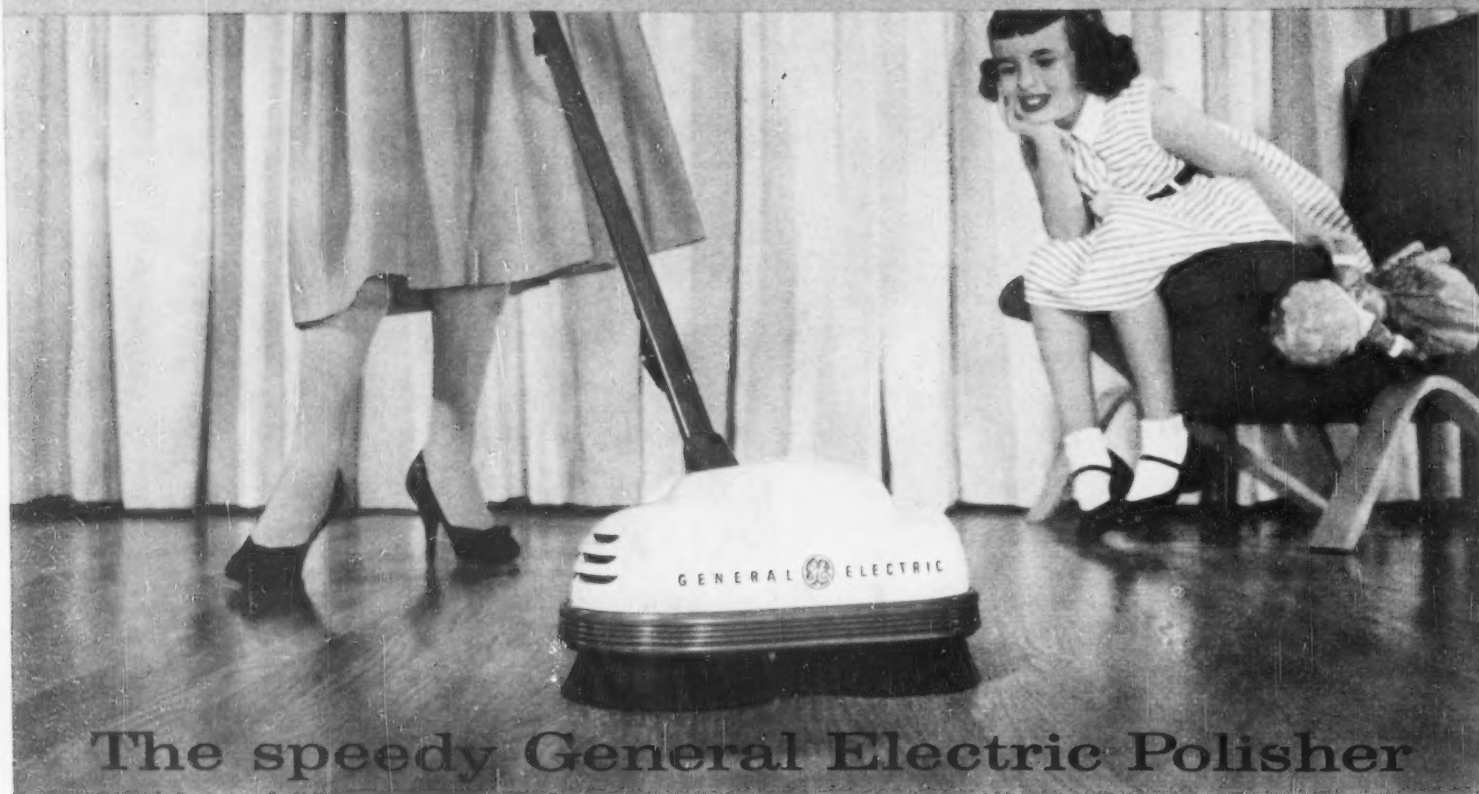
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The changing face of Canada

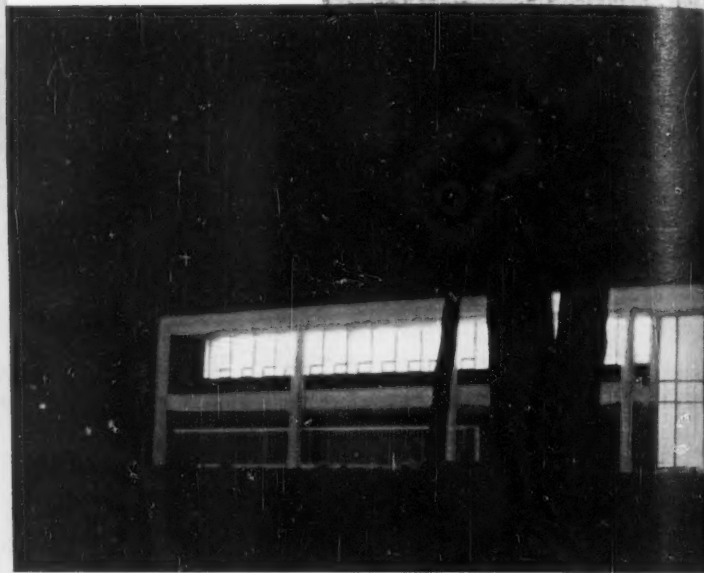
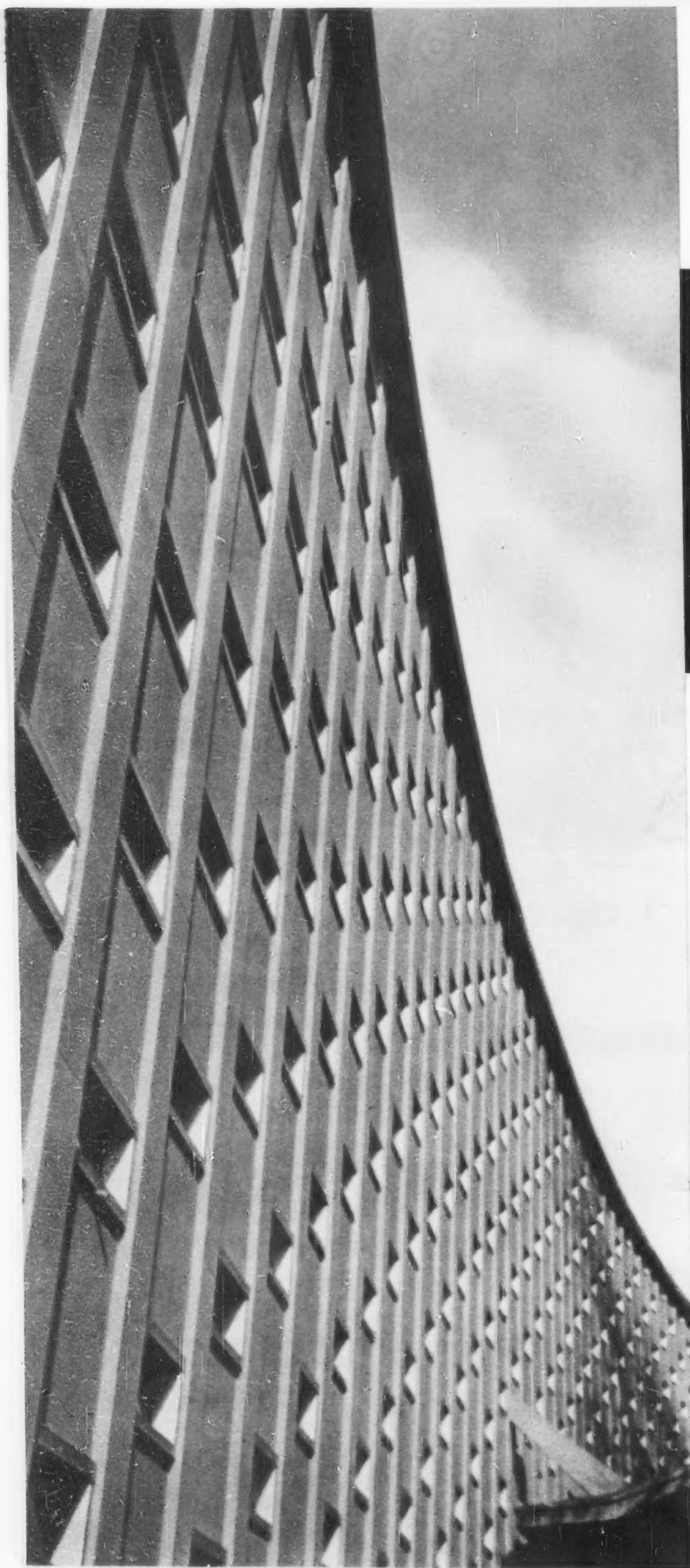
We're building at the greatest rate in our history, and spending \$7 billion a year. Are we getting our money's worth? Here's the renaissance that experts say will give us a completely new look

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER CROYDON • BASIL ZAROV • JACK V. LONG

Maclean's CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

CANADA'S NEW LOOK ON THE NEXT FOUR PAGES



The changing face of Canada continued

"We're trading in our gaudy, frumpish looks

Ten million people now live in Canada's seven hundred and thirty-five cities and towns. By 1980, if the experts are correct, these same centres will have twenty-two million residents. They are already growing at a rate which has, since 1941, averaged nearly a quarter of a million a year.

These statistics, actual and projected, mean that the country's urban areas are changing faster and more dramatically than ever before in history. They are cascading over their boundaries to smother orchards and dot farmlands with satellite communities. They are stabbing new towers at the sky. Beset by appalling traffic problems, they are groping for solutions in double-decked streets, subways and possibly systems of single-track, elevated railroads arching above the skyscrapers. With land costs at an all-time high, they are piling one dwelling on another in an enormous gush of apartment construction. And, with fields and forests retreating ever farther, they are putting new emphasis on parks and playgrounds.

Out of today's urban sprawls animated townscapes are rising. In the process the anatomy of buildings housing man's every activity, from churches to phone booths, is being totally recast.

This urban face lifting is taking place at a time when Canadians have had more than a decade of unprecedented prosperity and when Canada is showing signs of cultural maturity. Greatly increasing wealth and a sharply whetted desire for beauty are join-

BUILT FOR A JOB: You can see out but not in with pierced-wall design of formidable-looking Juvenile and Family Court in Toronto.

BUILT FOR SETTING: New Yorkminster United Church in north Toronto nestles on a hill above busy cloverleaf.



BUILT FOR COMMUNITY: Glass-faced plant in Don Mills area near Toronto is as attractive as neighboring homes.



BUILT FOR STREET: Where Sherbrooke Street curves in Montreal so does this office building.

for svelte, well-mannered, beautiful cities"

ing to give our cities a more inspiring setting.

The symptoms of this union of dollars with taste are all about us. "Gradually," says Charles Campeau, director of planning for Montreal, "we are trading in creatures of gaudy, ill-bred and often frumpish attractions for svelte, well-mannered and more beautiful cities."

Canadians are still spending more money for popcorn than architectural advice, but the architects insist a momentous renaissance has started. It will, they predict, completely eclipse this country's previous building spree of the 1920s, which set down on the Canadian landscape such monumental structures as the Sun Life Building in Montreal and the Royal York Hotel in Toronto.

"There will be," flatly predicts George S. Mooney, executive director of the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities, "a greater change in the appearance of Canadian cities during the next three decades, than has taken place in the preceding three centuries."

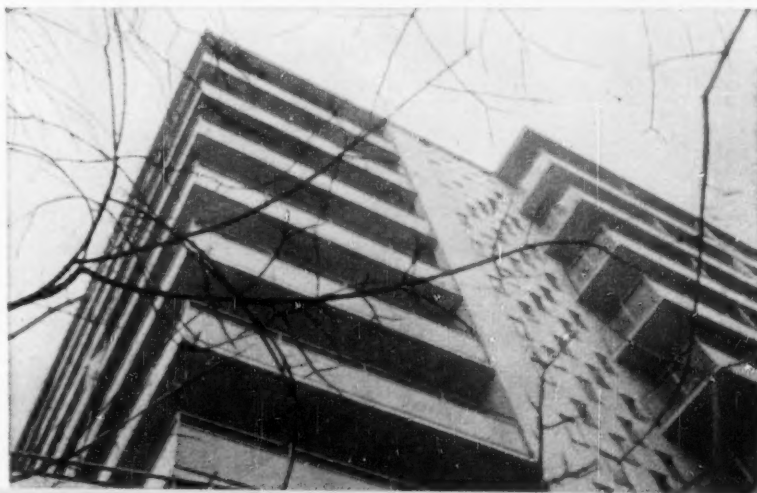
"Architecture in Canada has too long been a step-child when it should be a mother of the arts," says John C. Parkin, a Toronto architect whose designs are among Canada's most progressive. "People are happier in attractive cities and we should in the next hundred years erect some of the world's most beautiful buildings in Canada."

Our towns and cities are being altered so quickly

BUILT FOR TIMES: In swing to urban living cliff dwellers are getting higher, more convenient cliffs, such as Toronto's Benvenuto.



BUILT FOR UTILITY: Curtain walls, as in new B.C. Electric building in Vancouver, are attractive, cheaper and easy to keep sparkling clean. And you can even replace them.



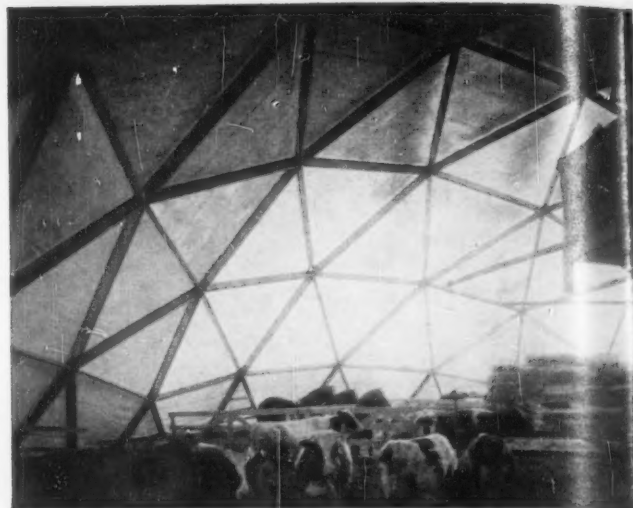
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The changing face of Canada continued

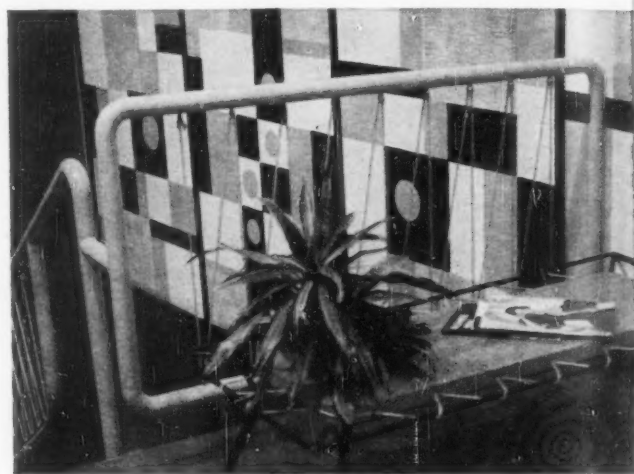


DESIGN FOR GIVING: Mural by artist Jack Nichols in the new Salvation Army building in downtown Toronto suggests compassion.

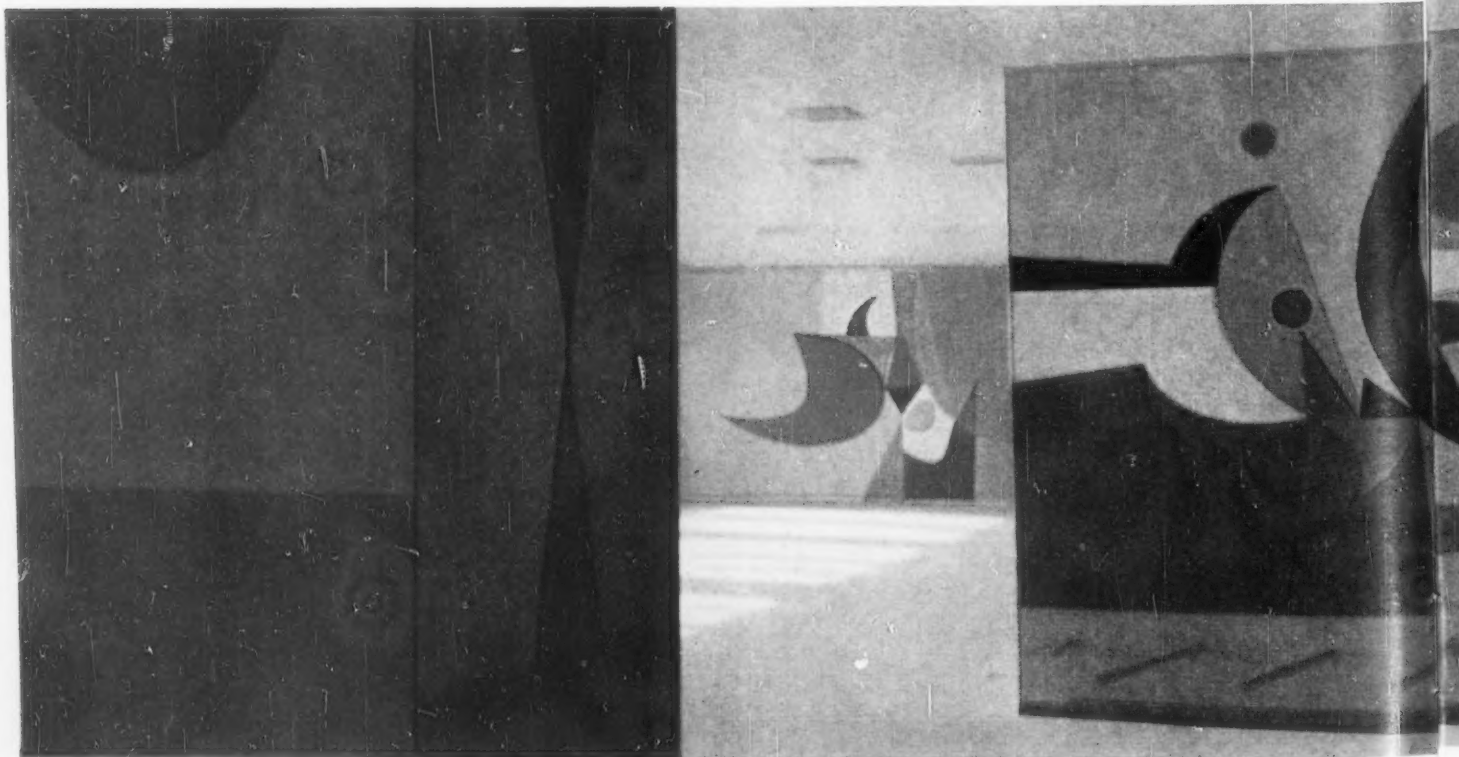
With murals and a modern look in offices and workshops, business is becoming a patron of the arts



DESIGN FOR LIVING? Geodesic dome of radar huts becomes a barn near Montreal. Same design could cover homes, or cities.



DESIGN FOR WORKING: Bright modern look gets more work, bosses find. This is O'Brien Advertising office in Vancouver.



DESIGN FOR DINING: Mural in cafeteria of new Imperial Oil Ltd. building in Toronto covers three walls and pillars. It's by the late Oscar Cahen.

that Canada's construction companies now do more business than any other Canadian industry. Despite tight mortgage funds, they'll take in almost seven billion dollars this year. Bongard & Co., a Toronto investment house, estimates the building pace could be trebled if enough labor and capital were available. Contractors are so busy that recent advertisements by the federal Department of Public Works for tenders to put up a \$1,250,000 government building at Brantford, Ont., didn't bring a single bid.

Downtown Toronto is being rebuilt at such a fantastic clip that along eight blocks of University Avenue alone, fifty million dollars' worth of office buildings and hotels are now rising. University Avenue frontage, if it can be bought, costs up to \$250 an inch.

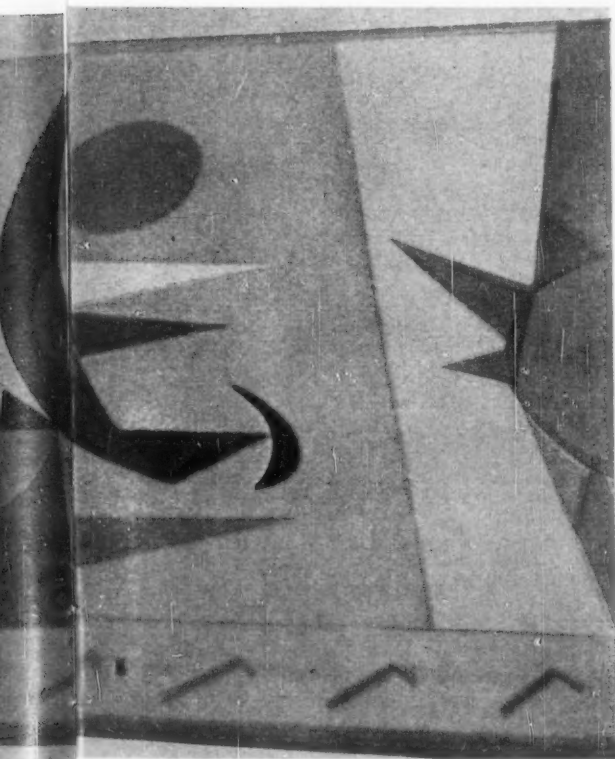
In Montreal, plans for William Zeckendorf's \$125-million office-building complex now being studied will eventually give the city an exciting new pivotal point.

Vancouver is mapping a \$150-million network of new streets — and thirty major buildings aggregating \$120 million are going up.

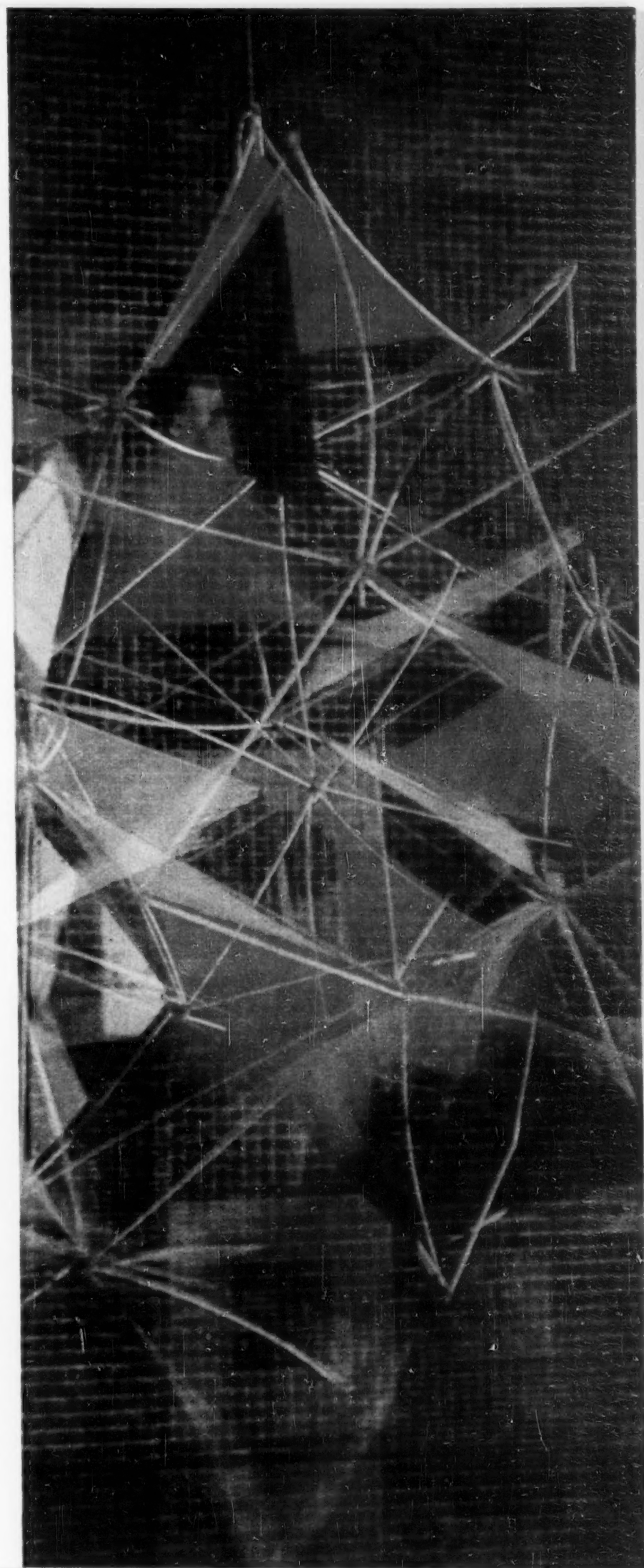
Texas-style architecture is transforming Calgary and Edmonton. Ottawa is being resurrected according to the government-sponsored master plan of the Federal District Commission. The deepening of the St. Lawrence Seaway and the construction of the trans-Canada gas pipeline are significantly altering great chunks of the Canadian landscape.

While these and other major undertakings will make the future countryside look considerably different, Canada's cities will change beyond recognition.

The amount of additional housing required to accommodate the coming urban multiplication will exceed the number of homes now built in Canada. It's a striking fact that excavations for the thousands of new dwellings will mean scooping out the equivalent **continued on page 55**



DESIGN FOR VIEWING: Mobile and tile mural by B. C. Binning in Vancouver station CKWX are eye-catching conversation pieces. ▶



She's TV's first Atlantic commuter

Elaine Grand hops the big pond to emcee
a seventy-thousand-dollar spectacular as easily as most people take
a bus to work. What's she got
that makes her Canadian TV's most wanted woman?

By Barbara Moon PHOTOS BY HORST EHRLICH

Early in January Elaine Grand, a comely widow of thirty, discovered somewhat to her surprise that she was the first trans-Atlantic television hostess in history. One day she was helping to run a twice-weekly homemakers' program in England. The next she was in Toronto, in hectic rehearsal for a seventy-thousand-dollar extravaganza known as the Chrysler Festival. Then, before you could say Sharp at Four (the name of the homemakers' show) she was back in England again. In a pardonable muddle she recently wrote her mother, "On looking up the schedule, I see I'm in Toronto." Actually she was in London, where she rents a flat. Sharp at Four is done in Manchester.

No one else, it seems, in all of Canada, the U. S. or England, can do the job for the expensive Festival programs the way Elaine can. Hume Cronyn, the distinguished Broadway actor and a Canadian himself, tried and failed. After two shows he was replaced by Elaine who had originally been hired as a sort of co-mistress-of-ceremonies and given very little to do. Now Elaine, who left Canadian TV a year ago to make her home in England, finds herself top banana on the costliest show ever produced by the CBC. Her British program has already racked up the highest rating in U. K. history for a daytime commercial TV show. These two circumstances mean about twenty thousand dollars a year for the girl who five years ago flunked her first TV audition.

Nevertheless Miss Grand's trans-Atlantic point-to-point has proved baffling to almost everyone from the show-business weekly, *Variety*, to Elaine herself.

On the first of the hour-long Festival shows she appeared for just six and a half

minutes. "Why the lady is expensively trans-Atlantic commuting by plane to introduce some single from the London stage . . . is one of those agency enigmas," *Variety* reported in bewilderment.

On the second show Elaine was on stage only five minutes and stage hands were telling her the whole thing was a shame. Her mother wrote from Victoria that she had watched the show for a full forty-two minutes before her highly paid daughter had appeared. "I feel like a fool," said Elaine to her producer, Franz Kraemer. "If I'm not given more to do I don't want to come back." The remedy, the CBC decided, was simple: drop Cronyn, if necessary, but at all costs keep Grand. (The costs include six \$500 round-trip plane tickets and fifteen dollars a day for her Toronto hotel room.)

During all these curious and often trying experiences Elaine herself remained outwardly unruffled. She did not pout, scream or stage a sit-down strike in the approved prima donna manner. Nor did she crow when Gordon Sinclair, a Toronto critic, after her first solo Festival stint on January 23, wrote "Festival redeemed itself. It was Elaine . . . who made the difference."

A nerveless performer, who never uses a script and contrives to mislay any copies issued by producers, she has, in just four years on TV, multiplied her fans, trebled her salary and made herself the most wanted woman in Canadian video, by facing the world with unvarying friendliness.

A big girl (five-feet-seven), she has a clothes-horse figure but the brunette, new-penny prettiness of a *Girls' Own Annual* prep-school heroine. She's jolly nice too—as nice as she looks. **continued on page 41**





She saves up her sleep

First thing she does after ocean flight is sleep. with Chrysler Festival and a big week ahead.



She shines up a shoe routine

With Dick MacDougal on Tabloid she clowns a song. MacDougal died just a few weeks after this show.



She gossips with a glamour girl

On the same Tabloid she cheerfully pries secrets from actress Celeste Holm. Elaine got her start on Tabloid.



She buys for Britain

In her transient career she uses spare time to shop—for cosmetics, clothing and bacon.



She cheers up the crew

A tense run of Festival, the show that brings her to Canada, breaks up in laughs at a quip from Elaine. That's producer Kraemer with earphones.



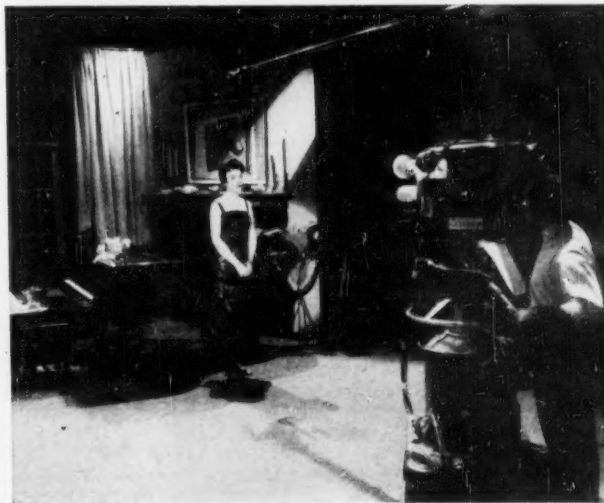
She studies with a star

She had a meagre role on Festival helping Hume Cronyn, but now has replaced him.



She primps for a performance

With Wednesday's Festival over Elaine (seated at dressing table) goes to work on Thursday's Jackie Rae Show. She does her own make-up.



She sings a torch song — and flies

Elaine's forte is interviewing, but she's a singer too. Here she does I'm Old Fashioned. Next day she's catching a plane for England.





Farmers flock to the polls by truck and nuns (right) by cutter. What did they expect? "We want to be independent. We don't want any more interference from the Russians."



On a tour of towns and villages near Warsaw Blair Fraser took these pictures of Poles going to cast their "free" vote



"I mingled with people milling outside the polls. Almost all said they were for Gomulka . . . 'We think things will be better now, with him.'"



"Voters had an approved list of candidates, but in most constituencies six candidates were offered for four seats and they could pick the four they liked best."



BLAIR FRASER REPORTS FROM WARSAW ...

What I saw on a Red election day

"I stood at the village polling booths and talked to voters in the freest election behind the Iron Curtain." Here's how free the Poles really are and what the West can do about it

WARSAW

One of the things holding the Soviet empire together today is its own disunity, the mutual hostility of its subject peoples.

One of the things tending to break it up is its supposedly common factor, the faith of international Communism.

This double paradox complicates the most important problem of Western statesmanship: how best to take advantage of the dislocation, which may become the disintegration, of Soviet Russia's satellite domain.

The first point cropped up in a conversation in Prague. I was having dinner with a Czech, a man of unusual intelligence who had also shown unusual courage. He had already lost one good job because of consorting with foreigners, yet he was plucky enough to go on doing so. He was a Communist by conviction but no blind yea-sayer, for he had no hesitation in criticizing the still-Stalinist regime in his own country.

I asked what he and people like him had thought of the Hungarian rebellion. He replied with some caution that at first they had sympathized, but later the "murders" and the "Fascist organization" had changed their minds. I pointed out that no one had been murdered except the professional murderers of the security police, and that it was silly to talk about "Fascist organization" in this rising of a whole angry people.

"You must remember," he said after a

pause, "that before the war the Hungarians *did* have a Fascist government, and seemed quite content with it."

"You must also remember that, generally speaking, we Czechs don't like the Hungarians and they don't like us. To us, Hungarian nationalism has always meant enmity. For instance, it might mean designs on their part to recapture Slovakia, which was part of Hungary for a thousand years."

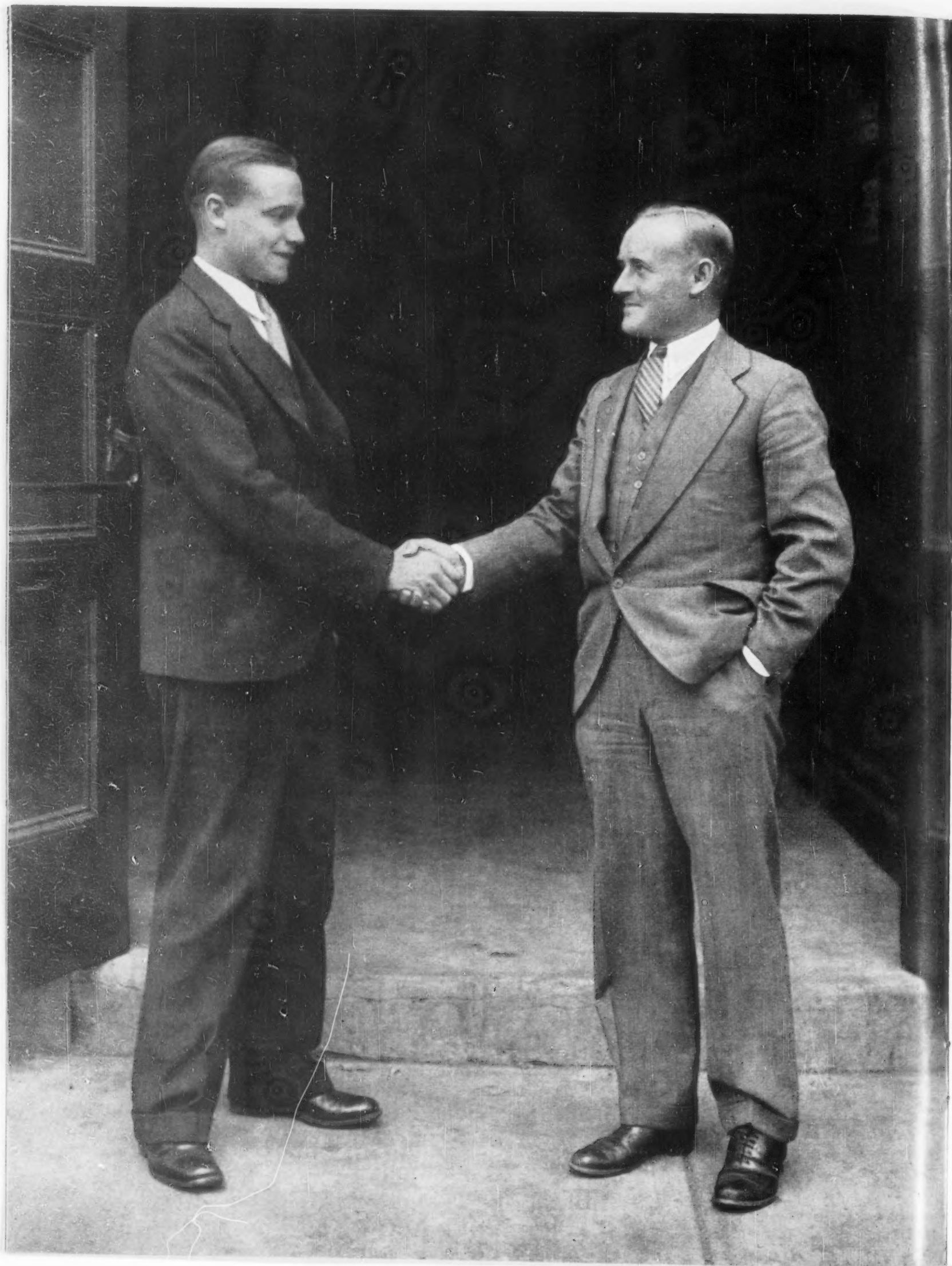
"From our point of view, Polish nationalism has some of the same quality. We haven't forgotten that when Germany was carving up our country, the Poles grabbed a bit for themselves too."

"So we don't much like Poles and Hungarians, nor they us. They hate the Russians. We don't. We get on very well with the Russians as people, and always have done—they are our kinsmen."

"Finally you must remember Munich itself, when Czechoslovakia was sold out. The West sold us out. The Russians then were our only friends and supporters. You can't expect us lightly to trust the West now, and turn against the Russians."

In Poland the same kind of apprehension is turned in another direction.

Poles don't talk much about the Czechs, and when they do their attitude is more contemptuous than hostile. For the Hungarian rebels they have **continued on page 60**





Ma and Pa Conacher, who saw sons go up from slums to star in sports.

We all played shinny and tried to act like stars. Then suddenly I was a star, with

a \$20,000 contract and a yellow convertible with our whole family crammed into it. That was one of the

"Big moments I remember"

Me and my family...the story of the Conachers PART II By Charlie Conacher with Trent Frayne

It wouldn't be completely accurate to say that the Conachers played hockey twelve months of the year because there were times when we used to sleep and eat. But trifling things like June breezes or Indian summer never deterred us. Every day, right after school, we'd go out on the street to play hockey, using a sponge ball for a puck and old coal sacks for goals. We played with a kid named Bill Hunter, who could play a mouth organ, and we'd line up on the street while he played God Save the King, just like they did at the pro games in the old Mutual Street Arena and later in Maple Leaf Gardens, and then we'd start, racing up and down the street in our boots.

Even after I turned pro with the Leafs in the fall of 1929 I continued to play shinny with my brothers, although Frank Selke, who was the assistant manager of the Leafs under Conn Smythe, used to tell me I was crazy because I might get hurt. Once, he was almost right. I was coming down the front steps to join my brothers Roy and Bert. I was smoking a big cigar, and suddenly Roy fired the sponge ball at me. I didn't see it coming and it whacked me in the groin. I felt like I'd been body-checked by that great old Ranger defenseman, Ching Johnson, but I wasn't going to let Roy know it. "This cigar," I said, "it must be made of rope. I don't feel so good. Maybe I'll just sit here and rest for awhile."

I think those big cigars made a greater impression on my brothers than the fact I'd made the NHL. I bought my first cigar the day after my first game in the big leagues, the opening game of the 1929-30 season. Maple Leaf Gardens hadn't been built then, and we opened the season against Chicago in the Mutual Arena. A lot of people have the notion that the famed Kid Line of Joe Primeau, Busher Jackson and me started right off together but that isn't so. Actually, I went out on right wing beside Eric Pettinger and Harold (Baldy) Cotton, and the first time I got the puck I learned a lasting lesson. Cotton slipped me a pass and I thought I had a clear path toward the Chicago net. I looked down at the puck, cradling it on my stick and

tearing in on Charlie Gardiner, the Chicago goaltender, when suddenly I was jarred by a terrific impact. Taffy Abel, the big 220-pound Chicago defenseman, nailed me with a hip check that sent me bouncing on the seat of my pants from the blue line clear out to centre ice.

That taught me never to go near a defenseman with my head down. Later in that same game I got a pass from Pettinger near the boards. I faked to my left as though I was going to try to split the defense, and when Abel moved to his right to block me I cut to my right, skated wide around him and broke clear in on Gardiner and scored my first NHL goal. Two nights later against Boston in our second game, I scored two more.

I always figured that my hockey ability was helped by those shinny sessions on the street, and I think it helped my brother Roy's, too. It developed our shots and our stick-handling, as well, but it also contained a lasting note of tragedy. I was playing with Roy and his twin brother Bert one afternoon after I'd turned pro. Bert and I were jostling for the ball and my stick cracked him at the side of his left eye for a little two-stitch cut. We didn't think anything of it at the time, but about eight months later Bert went blind in that eye. He was about sixteen then, and played junior after that, but of course he was unable to play pro hockey.

He kept right on playing shinny with us, though, a game that actually served a double purpose for the Conachers. We lived next door to a coal yard and we always concluded the game by firing the sponge ball far into the yard. Then we went in, presumably to search for it, carrying the sacks we used for goal posts. Actually we were stocking up on coal. If a watchman showed up we dropped the sacks and hunted for the ball. Until things got rolling in hockey, we didn't spend much money on coal around our place.

That hockey money meant a great deal to our family of ten kids because until Lionel, my older brother, and I started to pick up a few cheques for hockey it looked like we never would escape the brink of poverty. And just as I remember my first cigar, I also **continued on page 48**



"THE TIME" twins Kay (centre) and Nora (right) played softball and Lionel hit a smart-aleck fan."



"THE NIGHT" Roy won a Stanley Cup for Boston." He and twin Bert (right) were always inseparable.

"THE YEARS" when Lionel was the greatest." The famous brothers pose with boxer Jim Braddock.



◀ "THE DAY I signed with Leafs." Charlie and Conn Smythe in 1929 before Maple Leaf Gardens was built.



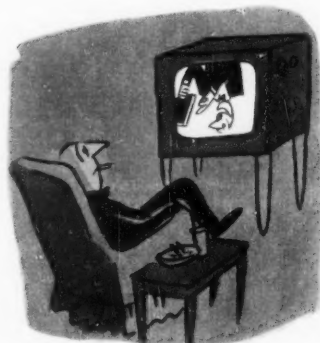
History's biggest quiz show

It will involve five thousand scientists from fifty nations

last eighteen months cost 300 million dollars

and its answers may change all human life.

Here's the story behind the coming scientific blitz on the mysteries of the world



Here are some of the questions they'll try to answer:

Can Aurora Borealis be used to bounce TV impulses around the world?

Is the earth really getting warmer?

Will polar ice caps eventually melt and flood continental coastlines?

How do glaciers, ocean currents and electricity in the atmosphere influence climate?

What does Earth look like from the heavens?

When can we expect the first interplanetary flights?

How soon will space stations be feasible?

How can a space ship be brought back to earth?

Why do cosmic particles affect radio and telephone communication?

What effect have cosmic rays on human life?

For centuries man has been asking questions about the mysteries of the universe, an infinite constellation in which the earth corresponds to a single grain in the Sahara sand. Yet even the solar system, man's own minute corner of the universe, in which a few planets revolve around one of a trillion trillion stars that is known as the sun, continues to baffle him.

Answers to a few of man's cosmic queries may emerge from a scientific crash program that begins July 1. Since it continues until December 31, 1958, the program's name—the International Geophysical Year—is somewhat slipshod. But there is nothing slipshod about the IGY's organization. It will be the most intensive and extensive study ever undertaken of the earth and its environment. Twenty years of research will be compressed into eighteen months. Five thousand scientists from more than fifty countries will join forces in investigations costing three hundred million dollars.

Among the riddles they'll try to solve are the ten displayed in the panel above.

In probing these puzzles the physicists, meteorologists, seismologists, oceanographers, astronomers and many other specialists will be aided by a multitude of electronic instruments, includ-

By McKenzie Porter

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WHALLEY

ing several developed since World War Two.

Some of the instruments will be carried on dog sleds and snowmobiles across the Arctic and Antarctic wastes. Others will be taken in cages down the world's deepest mines. Still more will be placed aboard submarines and diving bells bound for the ocean depths. Another group will be built into rockets destined for the frontiers of space. The most spectacular of all the instrument-carrying vehicles will be U. S. and Russian-built artificial satellites, or man-made moons, that will circle the earth in orbits three hundred to eight hundred miles high.

Most of the instruments provide information by their responses to the projection of radio impulses into various dynamic forces. Some instruments, for example, responding to radio impulses directed vertically downward, have already suggested that the earth's core is not a ball of fire, which was once widely supposed, but a hot liquid about as thick as plasticine. Some, responding to radio impulses shot obliquely out into space, have indicated that mineral properties in other stellar constellations correspond to those in the solar system, thus strengthening the theory that the universe abounds in planets similar to earth.

The knowledge supplied by such instruments during the IGY will be shared by all participating countries, whether capitalist, fascist, socialist, communist or feudal. Countries committed to the project range in size and influence from the United States to Tunisia, from the United Kingdom to Colombia, from the USSR to Spain, from the Peoples' Republic of China to Iceland, and from Canada to Bulgaria.

The polyglot teams of scientists will seek more knowledge about the vagaries of earthquakes and tidal waves, the pull of gravity, the circulation of sea water, the expansion and contraction of glaciers, the formation of clouds, the density of the air toward its outermost limits, the characteristics of myriad electrical charges that shoot through space, and the effect of the sun's rays beyond the thin protective skin of the atmosphere—all matters of fundamental importance to the scientific improvement of human life.

Although some of the information gleaned will have little practical value for centuries to come, much of it will bring early benefits to humanity. The first big developments are expected in the fields of meteorology, radio and aviation. Many scientists believe that IGY experiments will lead within a generation to weather forecasts for twelve months ahead, to intercontinental television broadcasts, and to preparations for the first flight to the moon.

If these hopes continued on page 35



Pioneers lived on it, outsiders rave about it, it costs peanuts

to produce and it's a \$13-million windfall to farmers.

But we neglect whole forests that could treble our output while gourmets ask

Why don't we brag about maple syrup?

By Frank Croft

PHOTOS BY MALAK

Sometime between the first crow's cawing and the bullfrog's opening croak, there is another unmusical but thrilling sound of spring in the maple stands of eastern Canada. It is the steady ping-ping-ping of sap dripping into twenty million buckets.

From four to six weeks after the sap begins to flow the harvest will amount to more than two and a half million gallons of maple syrup and half a million pounds of maple sugar. To the Canadian farmer it means a gross income of thirteen million dollars. For this the farmer does next to nothing, except tap his trees, hang pails on them and gather the sap, for the maple requires no care whatsoever, a fact that often fills farmers far from Canada with envy.

Impressed by the flavor of maple syrup—tangy yet sweet—and the hardy growth of the Canadian

maple, European countries have tried to transplant it, without success. It remains a native of North America, growing in some parts of Ontario, most of Quebec, in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and about a dozen of the northeastern states.

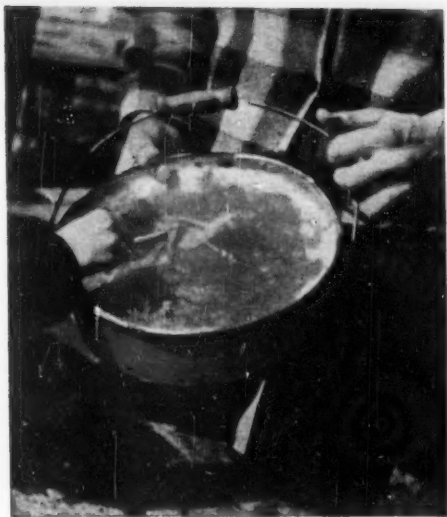
But Quebec produces more maple syrup and sugar than all other parts of the continent together. Ninety percent of the Canadian output comes from there and half the maple syrup consumed in the U. S. is from Quebec. Americans who sample it can't get enough of it.

But, perhaps because maple products have always been so easy to get in Canada, in such quantity at such little cost, they have always been more cherished abroad than at home—and still are. When the Queen of the Netherlands, then Princess Juliana, was living in Ottawa during the war, she delighted in attending springtime sugaring-off parties up the Ottawa River, where farmers invite the countryside to sample the sweets of the harvest. An early and aristocratic Canadian

settler, the Baron de La Hontan, fell in love with maple syrup at his first taste. He exhorted settlers to tap trees, wrote home about it and insisted in a letter to the governor of New France: "It (maple syrup) is better than any other drink, none of which has such an exquisite taste, nor is so healthy."

Today a Calgary distillery is producing a maple-syrup liqueur as a possible rival to the Scottish Drambuie, but otherwise in Canada the sweet-tasting maple is frankly and shamefully neglected, except in a few farm kitchens, where, to older generations at least, it conjures up delightful and mouth-watering memories of golden butter melting over piping-hot flapjacks, pork strips on the side, all swimming in the light-brown syrup, and washed down with buttermilk. Or slabs of fresh homemade bread, thickly buttered, dunked in a porridge dish full of new maple syrup. Or syrup on fresh warm johnnycake, or poured over rhubarb pie.

In Quebec they still have their own favorites.



MAPLE TAFFY is a treat at sugaring-off parties. Pour the hot syrup on snow or ice, swirl on a stick.

A two-inch-thick steak of ham, for instance, is rubbed with mustard, then placed in a baking pan in enough syrup to cover the slice, and baked for two hours. The golden meat falls away from the fork like pie crust, and tastes like a gourmet's first meal in heaven. To most Quebeckers the only baked apple worth digging a spoon into is one with butter and maple syrup placed in the core cavity, instead of sugar.

New Englanders found long ago that rum, maple syrup, butter, and boiling water make a toddy that takes the sting out of their bleak winters, while a mixture of rum, iced tea, maple syrup and lemon is a summer cooler in New England and the Maritimes.

Half a century ago these were common delights in every Canadian home, but today they are far from familiar. While gourmets may praise it, maple syrup is a faltering also-ran in the race for popularity with corn or other syrups—not because it is short in supply, because at least fifty million maple trees, which could treble our production, remain untapped.

Even for the farmer the maple harvest is matter-of-course—fitted with little fanfare into his work—and the reason may be that production is neither costly nor difficult. A typical producer is Kenneth Johnston, of Bulwer, in Quebec's Eastern Townships. He is the third generation of his family working the homestead farm of three hundred acres. He runs twenty to thirty head of beef cattle and milks twelve cows. He goes in for feed crops mostly, but in March he and the hired man, with an extra helper, will be found in his maple stand ready to tap one thousand trees.

Johnston waits until the temperature has held at thirty-four or thirty-five degrees for a couple of days and not more than twenty at night. The crows have been vociferous for several days and the ice on the creeks has lost its hard unyielding look.

On the first day of the sap run the men are crunching through the sugary March snow by sunup. With a breast drill fitted with a 7/16-inch auger bit, Johnston deftly drills a hole at a slight upward angle, two inches deep, into each maple of ten or more inches in diameter. Two helpers insert metal spouts in the holes and hang two-gallon buckets on the spouts to catch the sap. Johnston taps three to four hundred trees a day.

By midmorning the men are scurrying among the maples like ants at a picnic. The first flow of sap may reach a three-hundred-drop-a-minute rate, almost a stream, by about ten o'clock, and the buckets fill rapidly. None must overflow; sap is money in the bank for the farmer even though it looks like nothing in the world but rain water. It has, in fact, been **continued on page 30**

On a sugar stick, baked apple or a thick ham steak, maple syrup is a dish for a king. Are we letting it become just a memory?



MAPLE HARVEST is fun — and quick cash — to farmers, but emptying fast-filling sap buckets is work.

Their job is other people's business

They'll stall pests, track you
like Holmes in an emergency and even
get you up on time.

They're the girls of the
telephone-answering services who
intercept calls for more
than thirty thousand busy Canadians

BY CHARLES MEREDITH

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

There was this farmer near Hamilton, Ont., who put in a hurry-up phone call to a doctor. The doctor was out on his rounds but the call was taken by a switchboard girl at the local telephone-answering service, one of many such bureaus in Canada that make a profitable thing of minding other people's business.

"Been chopping wood," the farmer said, "and I've got an axe in the leg."

"I'll find the doctor," the operator replied. "Meanwhile, can you make a tourniquet?" No-need to, said he. Since the blade was still in his leg there wasn't any bleeding. Next, the girl proposed an ambulance ride to the hospital. But when she mentioned the cost—twenty dollars—the farmer let out a yelp of pain. "No thanks, I'll wait for the doctor."

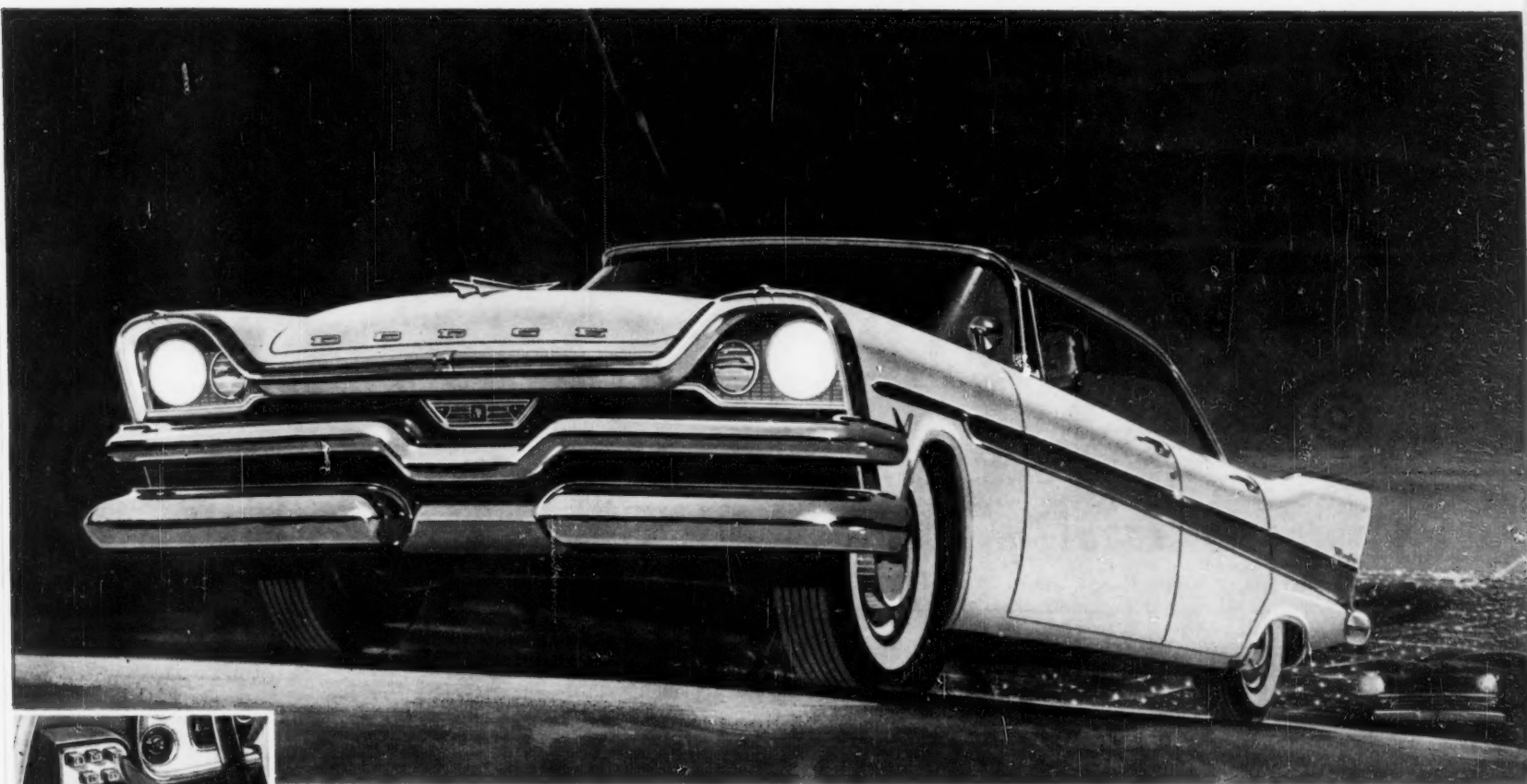
She wasn't beaten. Knowing rural party lines, she suggested, "Maybe some neighbor could bring you in." Promptly, a third voice cut in: "Sit tight, Jim. I'll be right along with the truck." In no time the farmer was repaired and the doctor, having checked again with his unseen secretary, was off on another call.

Like the doctor, a fast-growing number of busy Canadians are getting professional help in coping with Alexander Graham Bell's jangling invention. Ten years ago there were four telephone-answering services in Canada. Today a hundred and eighteen are at work—twenty-three in Toronto alone—and they can count thirty thousand clients, who each pay from eight to fifteen dollars a month to know that when the phone rings someone's always on hand to answer it. **continued on page 44**



THEY ANSWER when you're busy or absent, take your messages, give your orders and even foil burglars by making them think you're home. Doctors are best customers of 118 Canadian services.

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 packs the high-torque punch of a powerful new V-8,
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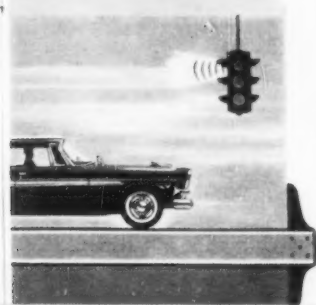
Even standing still, the new Shape of Motion gives bold hint of the move-out-ahead performance that awaits your command. For Dodge brings you the biggest, most powerful standard V-8 among low-priced cars — 215 h.p., and up to 250 h.p. on the Custom Royal! Higher powered Six, too. Great new advances like Torsion-Aire Ride ... pacesetting Flight-Sweep styling ... safety-sure Total-Contact brakes! Drive a Dodge today!

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Send for free literature. If you plan to build or modernize a home or a building, you owe it to yourself to get the facts about SelectTemp before deciding on a heating system. Just send us your name and address, written on the margin below. Specify "home" or "building," or both. We will gladly send you a free copy of our 32-page "12 Plans for Home Heating and Air Conditioning" or illustrated booklet on SelectTemp heating for buildings of all kinds. Mail to Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 102, 80 Ward Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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Builder of this prize winning modern home says, "We like thermostatic control in every room, with modulating heat; also greater economy, and heating units that blend into walls."



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

The Great Man: Moon-faced old Ed Wynn in a brief non-comic role almost steals the show from José Ferrer, the star, director and co-scripter, in this sardonic and literate Hollywood satire on the broadcasting industry. Ferrer appears as a newsman assigned to put together a worshipful "biography in sound" of a dead radio-TV idol whose true identity as a human monster must be concealed from the customers at all costs. Wynn portrays a bumbling but oddly dignified small-town New Englander who gave the deceased his start in radio. The movie is better than Al Morgan's novel, on which it is based, and has a special irony in the revised ending.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: One of history's favorite true romances gets a twice-over-heavily in this lavish remake of the 1934 success, with Jennifer Jones as the frail Elizabeth Barrett, Sir John Gielgud as her frightening father, and Bill Travers as the poet Robert Browning. (Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Fredric March were in the earlier version.)

The Rainmaker: Hammy and stagey in spots though it is, this is an enjoyable rural comedy-drama. It tells of a flamboyant but tenderhearted confidence man (Burt Lancaster) who convinces a freckled old maid (Katharine Hepburn) that she is a woman, and a pretty one.

Top Secret Affair: The high-powered news weekly is kidded in this romantic comedy. A spiteful editor (Susan Hayward) and a tough, sharp-witted army general (Kirk Douglas) are the love-hate antagonists. Some of the goings-on are farcically overdrawn, but in the main it's a diverting show.

The Wings of Eagles: Coming from a director as esteemed as John Ford, this is a disappointing entry—a loud, long and shamelessly corny biography of a naval airman (played by John Wayne) who became a Hollywood screenwriter and then a war hero. Maureen O'Hara is his miraculously age-defying wife.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anastasia: Mystery drama. Good.

Baby Doll: Sexy comedy-drama. Well-done trash. Rating: fair.

The Battle of the River Plate: Naval-warfare drama. Good.

Beyond Mombasa: Jungle drama. Poor.

The Brave One: Mexico drama. Good.

Everything But the Truth: Romantic comedy. Poor.

Friendly Persuasion: Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

Full of Life: Comedy. Good.

Giant: Texas drama. Good.

The Girl Can't Help It: Rock 'n roll comedy. Fair.

Gold Rush: Chaplin reissue. Excellent.

Great American Pastime: Comedy. Fair.

Hollywood or Bust: Comedy. Fair.

House of Secrets: Crime drama. Fair.

The Iron Petticoat: Comedy. Poor.

It's Great to Be Young: British school comedy. Fair.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

The King and Four Queens: Western

comedy-drama. Fair.

The Last Wagon: Western. Good.

Loser Takes All: Comedy. Fair.

Man From Del Rio: Western. Good.

Mister Cory: Drama. Good.

Reach for the Sky: RAF drama. Good.

Reprisal: Western. Good.

Secrets of Life: Nature. Excellent.

The Silent World: Undersea true-life

drama in color. Tops.

Slander: Drama. Good.

The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business

comedy. Excellent.

Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.

Teahouse of the August Moon: Army-vs-

"natives" comedy. Fair.

Toward the Unknown: Air drama. Good.

The Unguarded Moment: Drama. Good.

Westward Ho the Wagons! Injuns-vs-

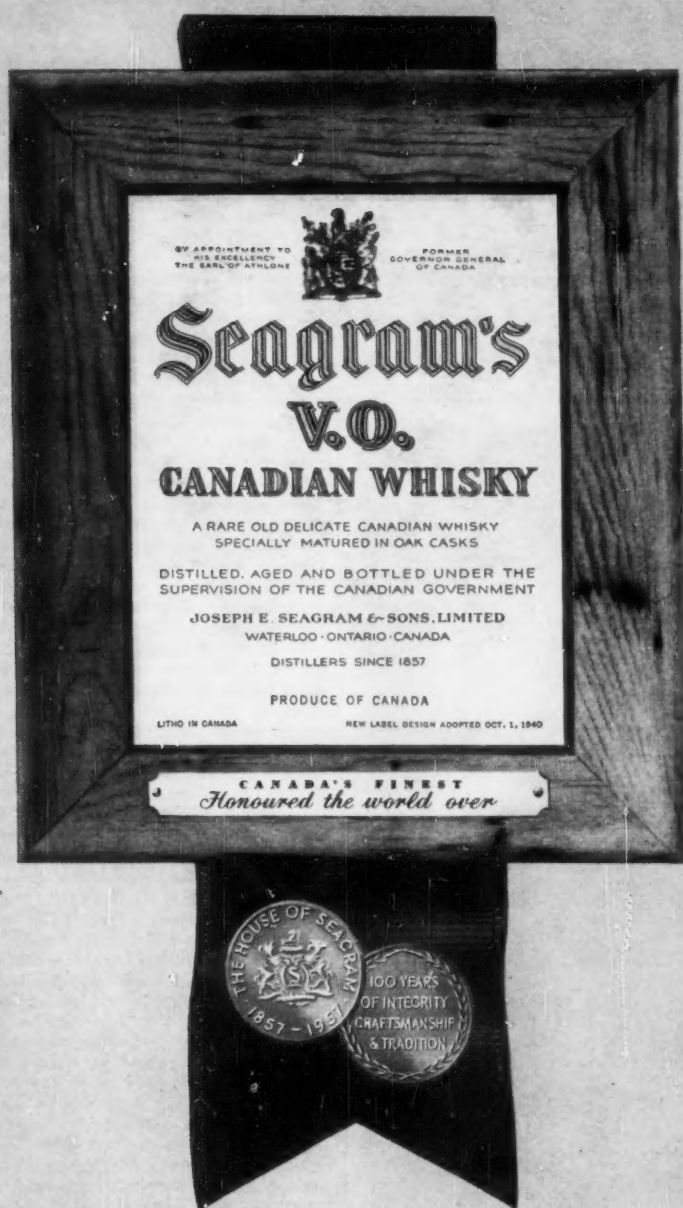
settlers western. Good.

The Wrong Man: Drama. Good.

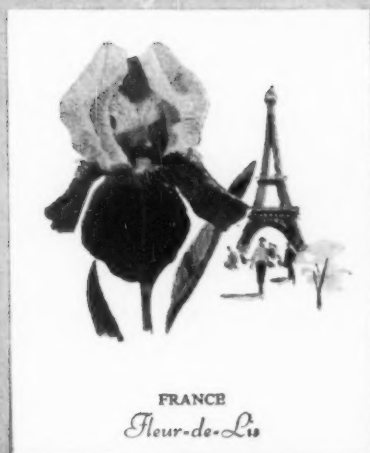
You Can't Run Away From It: Comedy.

Fair.

Zarak: Desert melodrama. Fair.



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Why don't we brag about maple syrup? continued from page 25

It takes 21 gallons of sap to get a gallon of syrup, but it's as simple as boiling an egg

mistaken for rain water more than once. In Beauce County they still tell about the Montrealer who, years ago, was driving past a maple stand in March when the radiator of his car started to boil. He noticed a bucket hanging from a tree

trunk, found that it was full of "rain water," and was pouring the last drop into his rad when the astonished farmer appeared on his sap-gathering rounds.

Such mistakes are not made on the Johnston farm. By noon on the first day

the horse-drawn sled, on which his hundred-and-fifty-gallon gathering tank is mounted, has been on its rounds receiving the contents of more than a hundred sap buckets. Its snakelike course leads to the sugar house deep in the grove, where

it is emptied into an eight-hundred-gallon storage tank. As soon as the storage tank is filled, the sap runs to the evaporator just below.

Many people still think that maple sap is boiled down in a huge iron pot such as cartoonists draw depicting missionaries being prepared for a cannibal feast. Such equipment makes a romantic picture but it has not been seen in Quebec for more than fifty years, though it can still be seen in some parts of the Maritimes and eastern Ontario. The present-day evaporator is a long shallow pan—Johnston's is four feet by twelve feet and is fourteen inches deep—set above a hardwood fire kept at an even heat. It is here that maple syrup is made. And it is almost as simple as boiling an egg.

When the sap flows into the evaporator it will be nearly ninety-five percent water. When the water has been evaporated to thirty-five percent, you have maple syrup. Johnston determines by temperature the exact point at which the syrup should be drained from the evaporator: when the bubbling sap is seven degrees higher than the boiling point of water he knows it's ready.

All sap contains sugar—ordinary sucrose just as in the sugar cane and sugar beet—but the sap of the three great sugar trees—the sugar maple, red maple and black maple—contains a larger amount of sucrose than most other trees. It is seldom less than one and a half percent sugar and may be as high as four percent depending on the soil. It also contains bicarbonates, calcium, potassium phosphates and such trace elements as manganese, magnesium and iron.

The amount of sap that has to be gathered to make one gallon of syrup looks discouragingly large. It takes twenty-one gallons of sap having the highest sugar content to make one gallon of syrup. If the sap is low in sugar, the ratio is fifty-seven gallons to one.

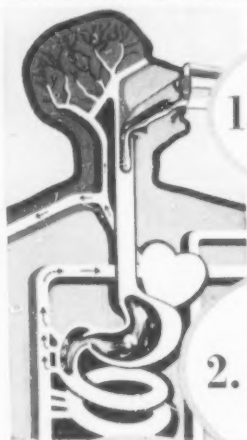
As maple syrup is sap that has been boiled down until the sugar and other solids are the preponderant elements (totaling sixty-five percent), all other maple products are merely sap boiled down still further. Maple butter is eighty-five percent sugar and other solids. It is cooled quickly, stirred rapidly and put in molds. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia maple cream is a favorite, almost unknown elsewhere. It too is eighty-five percent solids. It is beaten almost as white as paper, then spread on stone slabs whose cool surfaces keep it at a fudgelike consistency. Maple wax has the same solids content as maple butter but it is not stirred or beaten; it's just eaten as is.

Maple sugar is ninety percent solids, which is a mundane way of describing it. The only way to find out about maple sugar is to knock a good hunk from a block of the stuff, cram it in your mouth and crunch. The flavor seems to be improved when the sugar comes molded in the shape of Indian heads, little animals, maple leaves or log cabins. Maple-sugar sculpture was something of a native art a few years ago when life-size figures standing in glass cases in Montreal's Windsor Station enchanted young travelers. For years Sir Wilfrid Laurier made his spring appearance carved in maple sugar by some admiring genius whose name has died with his art.

But maple syrup and sugar have more than a gastronomical appeal for the farmer. Johnston, for example, will harvest



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nearly two hundred gallons of syrup each season from his thousand trees. Last year he sold it for five to six dollars a gallon, grossing in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars. Of course, equipment costs money. Producers figure that the cost of an evaporator, buckets, gathering and storage tanks and other items averages ten cents a year for each tree.

A few years ago Quebec farmers were using sap buckets made from terneplate, a metal containing sixty percent lead. It was feared that so much lead could poison the sap, so the provincial and federal governments offered to take in the buckets and each pay a third of the cost of aluminum replacements, the farmer to pay the remaining third. The public was given an eye opener on the amount of equipment used in the maple industry when seventeen million buckets were turned in. There are an estimated three million in other parts of the east, one for each of the twenty million trees tapped every spring.

Buying and maintaining equipment isn't Johnston's only outlay; he must pay an extra hired man for the maple season. Then comes the big item—fuel. Hardwood is burned under the evaporators and it takes a cord of wood to evaporate enough sap to make ten gallons of syrup. Whether the farmer pays five dollars a cord to an outsider (the prevailing price in Quebec last winter) or cuts and stacks it himself, it is going to cost in time or money about fifty cents a gallon.

But, after his expenses, Johnston still has about seven hundred dollars for less than six weeks' work. "It beats hogs," he says, referring to the traditional farm-mortgage lifters. "It is pleasant work, in the spring, out in the bush," he adds. "It comes before seeding or other big field jobs so it doesn't interfere. In fact, it is just the job to get a man in shape for the summer."

A loudmouth on a conch shell

Another advantage is that the maple tree requires no care. It is never pruned, sprayed, dusted or given any attention from one sap run to the next. And it can take more punishment than a chopping block. Fred Heustis, whose farm is in New Brunswick's St. John River valley, has some maples he swears are three hundred years old. He believes that they might have been tapped by Indians' tomahawks, and claims that for more than a century and a half they have been regularly assaulted by the white man's drill. They are still producing as generously as ever.

Just as the tree is indigenous to eastern Canada, so is the sugaring-off party. "Sugaring off" is a generic term. It describes the neighborly sampling of newly made syrup, wax, cream, butter or sugar. At one time it ranked with the barn-raising or quilting bee as a major social get-together. Eighty-nine-year-old Cora Austin, living on the original family farm near Sawyerville, Que., tells of sugaring-off parties as they were more than half a century ago.

"I remember one party in 1885," she recalls. "It was a late season that year. We didn't have the sugaring-off party until April 15, but it was a dandy. More than a hundred people came from all parts of the township."

In those days every farmer in the Eastern Townships had a conch shell for summoning guests to sugaring-off parties, and anyone within hearing was a guest. A man prided himself almost as much on how loudly he could blow the horn as on the quality of his syrup and sugar.

"Dad could really blow on that shell," Mrs. Austin boasts. "It sounded like the higher notes in a cow's bellow at milking

time and could be heard for miles."

On that April evening in 1885 her father, Russell Sumbury, stepped from the kitchen door, conch shell in hand. A few early stars glowed in the saffron sky. The surrounding countryside stretched in peaceful stillness before him. Then came the shattering blast. The silence had hardly returned before sleigh bells could be heard in the distance, then others and still others, all converging on the Sumbury sugar house.

The women brought baskets full of little twists of biscuit dough which were

tossed into the big iron kettles. These "maple dumplings" rolled in the boiling syrup, then rose, light and fluffy, to the top to be scooped out and popped piping hot into eager mouths. Some sampled the newly drawn syrup, others preferred a cool drink of the raw sap. Everyone favored the sugar sticks, made by boiling the sap to a thicker consistency than syrup, then pouring it on clean packed snow where it hardened to a taffylike consistency. A variation of the sugar stick was a snowball stuck on a wooden stick and dipped into the hot syrup. Most of

the guests came armed with pine paddles about a foot long. As the maple brew thickened paddles were thrust into it, twisted around, and pulled out heavy with syrup.

Sugaring-off parties as neighborly affairs are rapidly vanishing. They are still held in Quebec and in parts of the Maritimes and Ontario, but they are smaller and less high-spirited now. The maple dumplings have been forgotten, but the sugar stick is still used.

Traditionalists deplore the growth of public sugaring-off parties. Within a



A native Canadian design painted by Arthur Price for the pulp and paper industry. Iroquois used masks like this to frighten evil spirits from their crops and so reap good harvests.

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Indians tapped the trees with tomahawks and dropped hot stones in the sap to get their maple sugar

hundred miles of Montreal, Ottawa and other large cities in the maple belt many sugar camps charge admission. Visitors pay seventy-five cents or a dollar to enter and sample the crop.

"They stand around the evaporators, scooping up the thick syrup with paddles included in the admission price," a disgusted Beauce County farmer told me. "Sociability is about as spontaneous as among people on a crowded bus. But each year these public sugaring-off sessions are becoming more popular."

Such parties should not be wholly condemned, however. Many farmers split the take with a local charity. At Ironside, a few miles up the Gatineau River from Ottawa, an agricultural school run by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost makes money from sugaring-off parties in the school grove. On some Sundays more than a thousand visitors are on hand.

No one is certain whether the Indians held sugaring-off parties. Certainly maple syrup was being made by the Indians when Europeans first landed on this continent. They tapped the trees by making diagonal gashes with a tomahawk, caught the sap in cone-shaped birch-bark containers, poured it into wooden troughs and laboriously evaporated the sap by dropping hot stones into it.

The early French settlers improved on the Indians' technique and equipment by using drills, metal spouts, wooden buckets and iron or copper kettles. But they were content to dabble with maple production until late in the seventeenth century when the Baron de La Hontan was given his first taste. The baron was an uninhibited and engaging rogue who in spite of his high rank enlisted as a private in the French army in 1683, arriving in Canada the same year. He quickly earned his commission and traveled widely, not only in New France but to the far west. His book of travels was improbable but ab-

sorbing and ran through several editions in both French and English. La Hontan was crazy about maple syrup. Up and down the St. Lawrence valley he exhorted the settlers to tap more and more trees.

The baron's enthusiasm came in time to save the early French-Canadian sugar supply. The British blockade of the Atlantic coast was cutting off shipments of refined sugar from home, so the hard-pressed *habitants* turned to their maple groves for an unlimited supply of natural sugar. In 1706 the island of Montreal alone produced thirty thousand pounds of maple sugar. Quebec province was the pacesetter for the continent from then on. Toward the close of the eighteenth century Quebec farmers were supplying their own needs and selling a surplus of both sugar and syrup in the towns and cities. But eighty years later maple products were still an insignificant item throughout the rest of Canada. By 1850 Canada was producing thirteen million pounds of maple sugar and syrup a year. Production rose to twenty-two million pounds before 1900.

As the demand increased farmers stretched their production by adding cane sugar or corn syrup to the maple syrup. The demand fell off. So in 1915 parliament passed the Maple Products Industry Act to stop adulteration. It was re-enacted in 1945 with stronger penalties (fines of ten to five hundred dollars and/or imprisonment up to six months) that have had their effect. The demand for maple products has increased.

Maple syrup now sells for twice as much as factory-made preserves, or corn or cane syrup. Four years ago there were mutterings of "combine" and "price fixers." Combines Commissioner T. D. MacDonald investigated but reported that there was no evidence of price fixing.

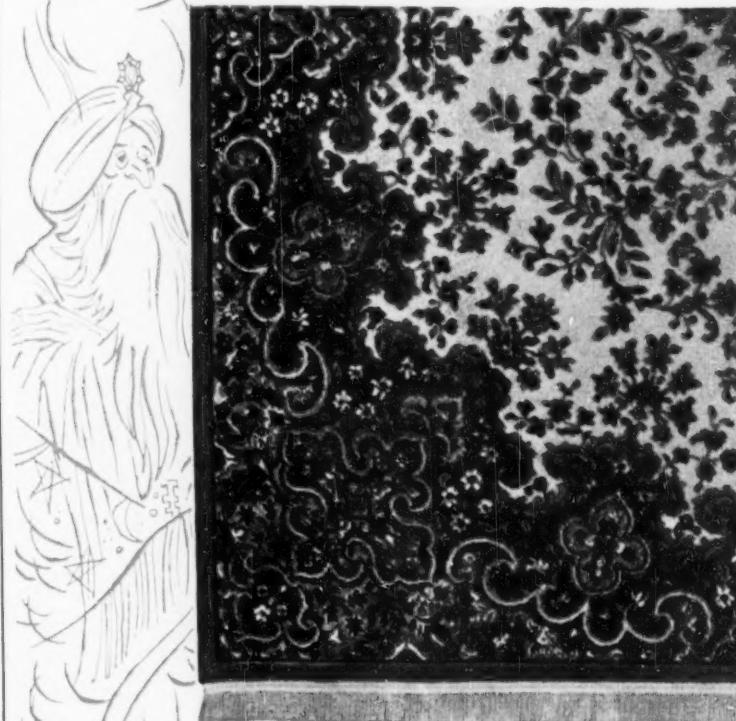
Fuel is one item that keeps the price up; equipment is another. But the man

with a maple grove continues to improve his methods. Today producers are trying out new ideas that may bring the cost down. Oil, now cheaper than hardwood in many rural areas, is being burned under a few evaporators and its use may spread. Cheap but efficient plastic bags are replacing buckets on the trees. In some groves, where the trees stand on sloping ground, the sap now flows through plastic

tubes that wind from tree to tree on their downhill course to the evaporator. Developments such as these may change maple syrup into a mass-production operation. It may be that a good many of our untapped maple trees will feel the bite of the auger bit fairly soon.

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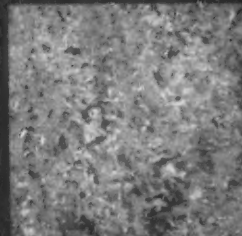
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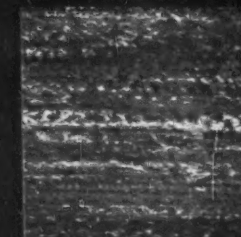
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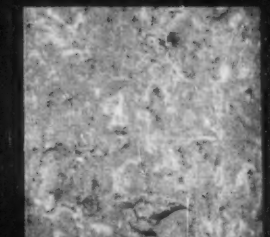
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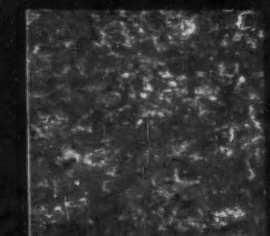
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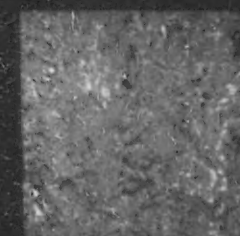
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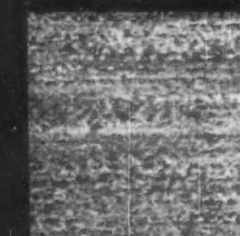
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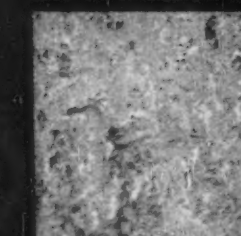
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History's biggest quiz show

Continued from page 23

With long-range forecasts we'll know months ahead when to run for the hurricane cellars

materialize incalculable economic, social and political changes will ensue. The IGY may well be remembered by posterity as the first successful effort of many governments to unite in a single global aim. Alan T. Waterman, director of the United States National Science Foundation, said recently that the IGY will be "one of the most significant undertakings in the history of man."

Aptly enough the IGY has been timed to coincide with the peak period in an eleven-year cycle of eruptions on the face of the sun. The sun controls to some extent all earthly phenomena and during its phase of greatest disturbance the nature and degree of its authority may be most easily determined.

Despite the immensity of its scope the IGY is amazingly simple in origin and organization. The idea was first suggested in April 1950 by a U.S. geophysicist, L. V. Berkner, at an informal scientific gathering in Silver Spring, Maryland.

The chairman of the IGY is England's Professor Sydney Chapman, the world's leading authority on magnetic forces. Dr. D. C. Rose, of the Division of Pure Physics at the National Research Council, Ottawa, and a celebrated expert on cosmic rays, is in charge of Canada's effort.

Several hundred Canadian scientists will take part. Dr. Rose says: "The IGY will see the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Pure science is not necessarily concerned with how knowledge is employed." Even so, most scientists agree that the IGY will bring about major advances in the field of meteorology.

Everything man does is dictated by weather, which is a working fluid created by the action of the sun's heat, light and electrical energy on the earth's crust and atmosphere. Water evaporates to make cloud. Warm air rises and cool air falls. A circulation we know as the wind distributes heat from the tropics to northern and southern climes and drives moisture from the oceans to fall as rain on the land. Yet science knows so little about the movement of these air masses that today it is impossible to make accurate weather predictions for any one spot on earth more than eight hours ahead.

Present weather forecasts are based largely on studies in civilized countries of the pressures, temperatures, humidity and wind velocity of the lower atmosphere. For longer-range predictions meteorologists need information gleaned simultaneously from all over the earth, from deep down in the earth and from hundreds of miles above the earth. During the IGY this requirement will be met for the first time. From concurrent observations of the ocean currents, the glaciers, the polar ice caps, the equatorial vapors, the incidence of earthquakes and the electrical forces in and above the atmosphere it is hoped to discern an over-all pattern of world weather which will lead to the lengthening of forecasts to periods of up to twelve months.

This, if it succeeds, will bring about an economic revolution. Farmers will know exactly what to plant and what not

to plant; exactly when to sow and when to reap. The certainty of bad crops in some places and good crops in others will eliminate stock-market gambling in futures. Countries will be driven by a knowledge of their forthcoming shortages and surpluses to negotiate with other countries to adjust the equilibrium of their harvests. A trend toward planned global balance in crops will be a natural development.

Industry hopes for similar advantages from the IGY. Construction companies should one day be able to extend their schedule of work on assurance of a long summer or to remove their crews and equipment from the field at an economic moment when forewarned of an early winter. The cost of snow removal in cold countries like Canada will be sharply reduced if municipalities know exactly how many men and ploughs they'll need on a given day.

Shipping companies may plan sailing dates and routes to avoid hurricanes and high seas. Airlines may run supplementary flights during clear weather and eliminate flights during impenetrable fogs. Reduction of insurance rates would make travel cheaper and help place vacations in distant lands within easier reach of the average man.

Where do the glaciers go?

"It is fascinating," says Doctor J. H. Meek, a physicist on the staff of the Defence Research Board, Ottawa, "to play around with the possibilities of long-range weather predictions. Through its upper-atmosphere, deep-sea, polar and equatorial research the IGY should add immeasurably to the range of forecasts."

During the IGY the world's permanent weather stations will be reinforced by special chains of additional stations running from the North to the South Pole down three lines of longitude; one through Canada, the United States, the West Indies and South America; a second through Western Europe and Africa; and a third through Asia, Japan and Australia. In the ocean gaps between the land-based stations some seventy ships of various nationalities will preserve the longitudinal link. Synchronized observations will result in the most comprehensive global weather picture ever drawn up. Into the picture will be painted facts of supplementary significance from scores of other sources.

Typical of these is an outpost to be manned by Canadian glaciologists under the leadership of G. F. Hattersley-Smith, an English-born Arctic expert on the staff of the Defence Research Board. For twelve months Hattersley-Smith's expedition will measure the fluctuation of glaciers at the northern tip of Ellesmere Island, only five hundred miles from the North Pole. It will also observe the movement of ice floes that break off the polar mass, swirl into the Lincoln Sea and drift southward down the Kane Basin. In the Kane Basin, which separates Ellesmere Island from Greenland, the ice floes collide with warm currents surging up from the North Atlantic. The

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melting, vaporization and cloud formations that result influence weather throughout the Northern Hemisphere.

Tied in with Hattersley-Smith's efforts will be those of Canadian oceanographers like H. B. Hachey of the Canadian-U.S. Joint Commission on Oceanography, St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, and F. C. G. Smith of the Hydrographic Service of the Canadian Department of Mines and Technical Surveys. They will co-ordinate the findings of many other Canadian oceanographers aboard RCN vessels in

the Atlantic and Pacific to study the flow of deep sea currents.

Although it is certain that deep ocean currents help to shape climatic conditions science knows little of their courses. Only surface currents like the Gulf Stream, which arcs over the Atlantic from the Caribbean to the British Isles, have been charted precisely. Oceanographers are aware that one of the biggest global exchanges of water takes place between the equator and the Antarctic. But whether the shift takes a

My most memorable meal: No. 17

Thomas Raddall

tells about



A dinner in the dust of disaster

It had been a rugged day. First the big bang, and all the doors flying off the hinges, and all the windows vanishing, and all the plaster falling off the walls and ceilings, and the wind coming in; and then standing in the snow toward Arm-dale with the dusty and bloody multitude, waiting for the second bang — the dockyard magazine — which never came off; and then coming back to the shattered houses and nailing carpets over the gaping window frames, and wedging crazy doors into place, and salvaging blankets from the wrecked bedrooms and dragging chairs close about the kitchen stoves and huddling in blankets as darkness fell.

And it was going to be a rugged night, for there could be no help till morning and now a blizzard was blowing in from the sea to cover the dead and make things tough for the living, including a woman, a teen-age boy and three girls at 53 Chebucto Road. I remember how tough it was because I was the boy and this was my family — my father was with his regiment across the sea.

We were all stunned by the big

bang — the Mont Blanc and her four thousand tons of TNT — but soon after dark the normal senses began to come back and I realized I was hungry and so were we all. I rummaged in the wrecked pantry for bacon, bread and tea. With that we made the strangest meal of my life.

The only light was a candle that flinched and went blue like the rest of us at every gust of the storm. A powdery snow blew in between the carpet nails along the window frames. The food was frigid as soon as it left the stove. My sisters sat hooded in blankets, a mysterious little crew. My mother had a quilt about her. Her forehead and breast had been stabbed by arrows of flying glass and the blood had soaked through the bandages. We were all covered with plaster dust and sat like something by Saint-Gaudens, eating in silence and listening to the wind.

But what I remember best is not the wind or the scene, and certainly not the food. It was the courage in my mother's face. You had to have that in Halifax on the night of December 6, 1917. ★

MR. RADDALL IS A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN HISTORICAL NOVELIST.



IN A SHATTERED COTTAGE like this in Halifax, after the 1917 explosion, Thomas Raddall and his family ate their strangest meal.

hundred or ten thousand years nobody has yet found out. That is one reason for elaborate expeditions to the Antarctic, an uninhabited continent as big as Canada, where advance parties are already building camps and erecting scientific equipment.

There a joint British Commonwealth expedition, including Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, will collaborate with American, French, Russian, Norwegian, Japanese, Argentinian and Chilean teams to analyze forces in the icy climate which have a profound effect on world weather conditions.

Above the Antarctic hovers a huge blob of frigid air, as wobbly as jelly. From time to time a shivering hunk peels off and flops into the air streams that eddy around the globe. It pushes the warm air before it, or charges the warm air aside, to create rain, hail, snow, hurricanes and high seas wherever it goes.

IGY scientists will provide the world for the first time with daily weather maps of the Antarctic over an eighteen-month period. Some information included will be derived from rockets that will probe the secrets of the upper Antarctic atmosphere.

And northward, all the way up three lines of longitude to the opposite pole, other teams of British Commonwealth, American, French and Russian scientists will be projecting further rockets to great altitudes. At Churchill, on Hudson Bay, for example, U.S. teams accompanied by Canadian observers will fire forty-one rockets. One rocket of U.S. design will be handed over to the Canadians to fire for themselves.

The rockets will be carried fifteen miles up from Churchill by balloon. Then they will be automatically fired to rise another forty miles on their own fuel. At a rocket's zenith, sixty miles up, computers will record data beyond the reach of conventional meteorological balloons.

A curiosity of the upper atmosphere to be examined by rocket-borne instruments will be the polar jet air streams that whistle around the top quarter of the earth at speeds of between three hundred and four hundred miles an hour. So far most of what is known about this west-to-east circuit has been supplied by airline pilots who occasionally catch on to it and cut two hours off the flying time from Montreal to London.

But the use of rockets will not be limited to the cause of meteorology. Rocket-borne instruments will also record information for the radio industry.

Ever since Marconi sent the first radio signal across the Atlantic in 1901 long-range wireless communications have depended on a region high above us that is known as the ionosphere. This is an envelope of electrically charged particles that completely encloses the earth. It stands fifty miles clear of the earth and is two hundred and fifty miles thick.

Its existence was proved in 1925 when scientists projected a radio impulse vertically. The impulse hit the ionosphere and bounced down again to be picked up by a receiver standing next to the transmitter. The experiment showed that long-range radio transmissions rise obliquely to the ionosphere and glance downward again, like billiard balls off the cushion, to distant receivers.

If the ionosphere were stable radio communications would be easier. But the ionosphere is subject to constant and violent convulsions. It alters radically with the time of day and the seasons, and also from year to year. This is because it is affected by the hour-to-hour variations in the sun's eleven-year cycle of radiations. A flare on the sun is often accompanied by ionospheric disturbances.

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Radio messages are then blotted out by static. The daily BBC broadcast relayed across Canada by the CBC becomes inaudible. Ships at sea lose radio contact with land and other vessels. Airlines have to abandon radio navigational aids and turn to slower methods of position fixing. Hours of time are lost by businessmen because the radio telephone is out of service.

The caprice of the ionosphere prompted the British Post Office, the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and the Canadian Overseas Telecommunications Corp. to lay, at a cost of forty million dollars, the recently opened cable that has made trans-Atlantic calls as clear as local calls. This most expensive form of telephonic link may be the last of its kind.

Instrument-laden rockets sizzling up to the ionosphere from many points in the world will provide radio scientists with clues to its temperament and may enable them to cut through or avoid its periodic rages.

During the IGY, experiments in the principle of bouncing radio signals off ionospheric and other celestial bodies will be conducted by Dr. P. A. Forsyth, formerly of Saskatoon, and now of the Defence Research Board in Ottawa. With cheap low-power equipment Forsyth has already found it possible to carom a signal off the trail of particles left by a meteor and transmit it to points a thousand miles away. Because each meteor can be used for only a second or so, transmission of messages must take place at tremendous speed. So the message is fed into a transmitter equipped with an "electronic brain" which memorizes it and shrinks it into capsule form. The "electronic brain" then looks out for suitable meteors and on spotting one alerts the transmitter. The transmitter aims the capsuled message at the meteor trail in a single rapid burst of impulses. A distant receiver catches the message on the rebound and utters it at normal printing speed through teletype machines. One Toronto company is now developing the system for military and commercial use. Its code name, recently removed from the secret list, is Janet.

Forsyth will also be interested in rocket-produced records of the Aurora Borealis, a subject in which Canada will make its major contribution to the IGY. A disturbance of the ionosphere by the sun's radiations is often followed by the appearance over the North and South Poles of the Aurora Borealis and Aurora Australis. The vast shifting sheets of many-colored lights in the sky are due to the sun's bombardment of the atmosphere with streams of charged particles which give rise to visible electrical rays.

Beautiful though it is to watch, the Aurora Borealis interferes seriously with radio communications. It even sets telephone lines spitting with sparks and disrupts calls. But implicit in its nuisance is one factor that promises dazzling possibilities in television advances: at the moment television broadcasts are carried on radio waves that will not pass through the earth's curvature. Yet television viewers on this continent have picked up blurred images which turned out to be programs transmitted by London far away over the earth's arc. These receptions have coincided with the most brilliant demonstrations of the Aurora Borealis. Are the impulses reaching the Aurora and bouncing down to sets on the

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At 4,000 miles an hour, satellites will leave earth's orbit and swing in space like a yo-yo

other side of the Atlantic? Could this freakish condition be controlled and exploited for the purpose of intercontinental television broadcasting?

These are among many questions to be answered by Canadian scientists whose efforts will be co-ordinated by Doctors P. M. Millman and A. G. McNamara of the National Research Council and by Doctors B. W. Currie, A. V. Jones and D. M. Hunten of the University of Saskatchewan. Fourteen observatories, from The Pas, Man., to Alert in the Arctic, and from Victoria, B.C., to Ottawa, will watch the Aurora Borealis during the IGY.

One of the instruments to be used is an auroral recorder which takes pictures every minute of the celestial efflorescence. The camera's impressions are passed automatically to an adjacent electronic device which punches a tape with symbols. The symbols tell the time of the recording, the brightness of the auroral display, its position on a particular meridian, and the incidence of cloud and haze that tended to obscure it.

Radio scientists hope that as a result of ionospheric and auroral studies many people now living may one day see television broadcasts from stations on the other side of the world. The improvement will stem from radio impulses bounced off reflectors in the sky.

As a radio-wave reflector for long-range television nothing could be more effective than a man-made satellite built for the purpose. Satellites will be the highlight of the IGY program. A dozen

are being prepared in the United States and a so-far-unknown number in Russia.

The first U. S. satellite will be launched in 1958, or possibly earlier, from the Patrick Air Force Base, Cape Canaveral, Fla. It is a twenty-pound metal sphere a little bigger than a basketball and as highly polished as a mirror. A three-stage rocket will carry it to the limits of gravity. The first stage will lift the rocket forty miles in two minutes and then burn out. By this time the rocket will be climbing at four thousand miles an hour.

During the second stage the rocket will reach eleven thousand miles an hour. At an altitude of a hundred and thirty miles the second-stage fuel will be exhausted. But now the rocket will be soaring so fast that it will coast up to a height of three hundred miles.

Here a third rocket will turn it into an orbit parallel to the curvature of the earth and kick it up to a speed of eighteen thousand miles an hour. At this speed the satellite will be held in delicate poise between centrifugal force and gravity. With no resistance from air to slow it up the satellite will maintain its speed even when its last rocket is dead. It will be like a yo-yo swung around at the full extent of its string. Centrifugal force will keep it clear of the earth, and gravity, playing the part of the string, will hold it prisoner in its orbit.

The satellite will encompass the earth once every ninety minutes, not around the equator but at an angle of forty degrees to the equator in order to give scientists in as many countries as possible

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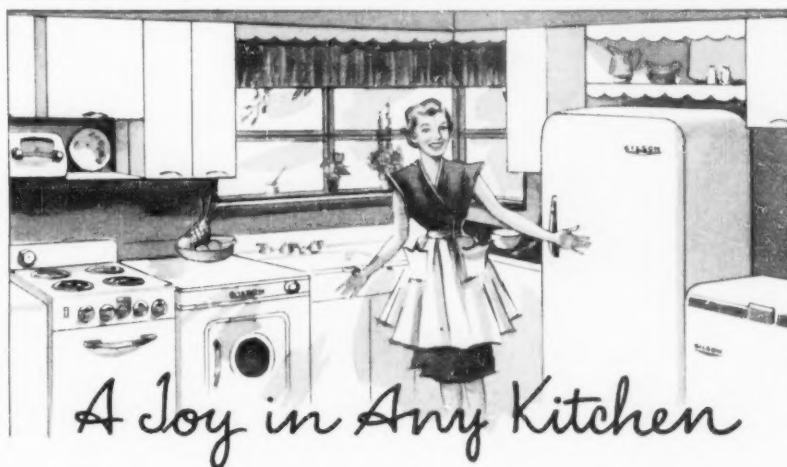
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a chance to keep track of it. On bright moonlit nights it may be visible to the naked eye as a silvery streak in the sky. Canada will be off the track of the first American satellite but later may see one of the other satellites orbiting at different angles and heights.

There is no channel of IGY research that satellites will fail to serve. Their electronic instruments may reveal for the first time the unknown source of cosmic rays, those charged particles from space that bombard the earth in such numbers that mankind is literally bathed in them. Cosmic rays pass through the average man's skin at the rate of one per square centimeter per second and with such force that they bury themselves up to ten thousand feet deep in the earth. An excess or deficiency of cosmic rays is believed to account for the breakdown of genes in animal and vegetable life and to cause the kind of mutations that result in web-footed babies, two-headed lambs and the reversion of hybridized plants to their original primitive forms.

A covered wagon to the stars

Satellite instruments will also shoot electronic impulses at the earth and, from the responses, determine the thickness and composition of its crust at many different points, thus speeding up the search for oil, gas, iron, precious metals and other minerals.

Other instruments will provide endless data about the densities of the upper atmosphere, data that is vital to aircraft designers. AVRO (Canada) Ltd. has on the drawing board an airliner that will fly at fifteen hundred miles an hour and cover the distance from Montreal to London in two and a half hours. Such speeds pose a new challenge to aviation: the challenge of heat from air friction. Satellite-borne instruments will help metallurgists to compound the kind of heat-resistant alloys required for airframes and to determine the type of cooling devices that will be necessary for the comfort of passengers.

And finally satellites will be covered wagons heralding the epoch of interplanetary flight. On their performance, designs for the first permanent space stations, the departure points for flights to the moon, Mars and Venus, will be based. But before that day comes many problems will have to be solved. It has been

estimated that a rocket powerful enough to carry a six-seat passenger satellite beyond the grasp of gravity would have to have a fuel tank as big as the Empire State Building. That estimate is based on the capacity of known fuels. Already experiments are being carried out with the object of applying nuclear energy to rocket propulsion.

But even if effective atomic-powered rockets are developed the difficulties in the way of interplanetary flight will not be over, as will be seen in the fate of the IGY satellites. They will circle the earth for a number of days, weeks, months or years. Nobody knows for sure how long. One thing, however, is almost certain. The prototypes will not have enough height or velocity to remain up for ever. Sooner or later the pull of gravity will overcome the pull of centrifugal force and draw the satellites back toward earth. As they plunge at eighteen thousand miles an hour into the earth's progressively thickening atmosphere they will melt in the tremendous frictional heat.

With limitations of this kind remaining there will be no hope during the IGY of getting back such fascinating exhibits as pictures taken of the earth from three hundred miles away, or of making an early beginning on man-carrying satellites. Yet to modern science even this hurdle is not insuperable.

The University of Toronto's Institute of Aerophysics at Downsview Airport, on the outskirts of the city, is experimenting — on a grant from the United States Navy — with the object of finding alloys capable of withstanding the kind of heat expected in upper-atmosphere flights at great speeds.

Amid wind tunnels and shock chambers two dozen young Canadians are working under the direction of Dr. Gordon Patterson, a forty-eight-year-old aerodynamicist, with metals subjected to reproductions of velocities in various densities of air. While Canada has no direct part in the launching of the IGY satellites the Toronto program is vital to the development of later models.

"Getting a satellite up," says Dr. Patterson, "is relatively easy. Our job is to get it down." If there is a hint of pessimism in the last sentence there is enough optimism in the first to make man stand aghast or agog before the wonders promised by the International Geophysical Year. ★





She's TV's first Atlantic commuter continued from page 16

She wasn't good enough for Uncle Chichimus, but one interview on Tabloid won her a steady job

She likes making fudge, invariably stays behind at the end of a party to help wash the dishes, and baby-sits for her married friends. She cries in movies. She habitually buys eighteen times as many of her favorite cough lozenges as she needs so she can supply her colleagues as well. She has so disarmed the sedate English that she is universally hailed by her first name.

"If she weren't on TV," remarked a female Toronto reporter recently, in a rush of uncharacteristic sentiment, "she'd be out selling cookies for the Neighborhood Workers. She's that kind of girl."

That kind of girl is precisely what she represents on television. Her spontaneous warmth gives any program on which she appears a cozy family air that usually communicates itself to interview subjects.

When Frank Lloyd Wright, a notoriously cranky architect, came to Toronto he thwacked a newspaper reporter with his cane and growled, "Only architects should interview architects." Miss Grand interviewed him later on *Tabloid*, a nightly TV show now four years old. She can't even pin down the architecture of her present London flat and her questions that night were no more highbrow than the reporter's, but she asked them so winningly that Wright took her out to dinner after the show and told her all about his three wives.

People just naturally tend to relax with Elaine. In England, not long ago, three housewives who'd won a trip to London and an appearance on her show wrote her network to say, "We began by being tongue-tied with fright but the young lady was so kind and friendly that we found ourselves completely at ease." The three ladies had, in fact, got into an uninhibited argument about fabrics, an exhibition of induced easiness that any interviewer would envy; getting shy amateurs to be controversial on camera is on a par with getting the Russian delegate to forswear the party line in a UN assembly.

Elaine's tact is also a help in coaxing good TV performances from interview subjects. Recently, after a dress rehearsal of *Sharp at Four*, her English show, the producer ticked off a professional entertainer for dull answers to Elaine's questions. Elaine immediately assumed the blame. "We've never met before," she explained, taking the entertainer's arm companionably. "I was finding out things for the first time." The velvet hand in the velvet glove paid off: on the show itself the entertainer was relaxed and funny.

It took television producers a while to understand that personality alone might be worth a wage packet. Five years ago, when Canadian television was still in the incubator, Elaine was a Toronto housewife who dabbled in writing detective stories and inventing song-and-dance routines to amuse her friends at parties. Her husband, Solomon Grand, was a furiously energetic executive who raised money for the Jewish Welfare Fund, sat on the board of the Jewish Congress, often worked nineteen hours a day — and infected Elaine with some of his own nervous drive. Elaine tried out for a role on a projected children's TV program, *Uncle Chichimus*. She was discarded as not being good enough. Trained as a fashion illustrator, she'd had no show-business experience aside from some juvenile radio roles and no schooling in the lively arts

except the conventional childhood singing, dancing and music lessons. The CBC casting offices were crowded with actors and entertainers with vast experience and bulging scrapbooks to prove their talent.

The cathode-ray tube, though, soon re-

vealed a discomfiting ability to scan the personal emanations of performers along with the electro-magnetic signals. Early in 1953 Ross McLean, producer of a new nightly show called *Tabloid*, tried out Elaine, who was a personal friend,

on a free-lance interview with two little crippled boys. Franz Kraemer, a fellow CBC producer, now assigned to *Festival*, still insists it was "the most sensitive interview Elaine has done."

Less than a year later, on Christmas



the chap in the red cap sees strength in the saccharometer

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MACLEAN'S

Day 1953, Solomon Grand died, at thirty-two. Two months later McLean hired Elaine as a full-time interviewer for Tabloid. McLean has so peevish a temper that one temporary Tabloid interviewer got sick after every program she did for him. During her two years on Tabloid he railed at Elaine repeatedly for such technical lapses as slumping, coughing on mike or asking ill-chosen questions. Even when he flung on hat and coat and stalked out of the studio Elaine showed sympathy rather than pique. "Don't forget," explained a close friend recently, "she comes from a military family."

Elaine's English-born father, George Hill, was in the permanent Canadian army—he was tenor soloist with the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry band, a famous concert band of the Twenties and Thirties that toured North America and Europe. Hill's star turns were a doleful ditty called In a Monastery Garden, and He Walked Behind the Man Who Smoked the Big Cigar. Elaine's mother, a gentle soul who had been born in Manchester, taught art and music in a Winnipeg public school and tuned in every Sunday to the NBC Symphony broadcasts on radio.

From this old-fashioned background Elaine emerged with a love of all music—except Monastery Garden—a talent for fashion art, a pleasant contralto voice, a habit of unshakable good humor, and a tendency to deplore a fancied lack of self-discipline. She keeps irregular hours, habitually eats only one full meal a day and constantly makes lists of tasks for herself, crosses off those she's completed and transfers the remainder to new lists.

On Tabloid she worked hard to cross off McLean's list the mannerisms he criticized. They didn't bother the viewers, who wrote in to say, "Stay as you are, Elaine. We love you."

The viewers also loved Elaine on Living, a daytime homemakers' show—now defunct—of which she was hostess.

The result of all this was that Elaine had barely left for London early in 1956, to try her luck in English commercial TV, when CBC producers caught themselves thinking of her as indispensable. She had departed murmuring, "After three years people must be getting sick of my face on television."

But McLean told a Toronto reporter, "I don't think anyone will ever completely replace Elaine." He spent three solid months testing replacements and in the end hired two girls to fill her shoes.

And less than three months after she left, the CBC was telling Chrysler Corporation of Canada that what the project-

ed Festival series needed was Elaine Grand as hostess. Franz Kraemer, now producer of Festival, pointed out, "We have found only a few people like Elaine and we want her back."

But the Chrysler head offices are in Windsor, Ont., and the Windsor TV station doesn't carry Tabloid. A number of top Chrysler executives had never heard of Elaine Grand.

Theoretically the CBC peddles a package over which the sponsor has no control; in real life, CBC producers are apt to keep in mind certain unfortunate experiences: for example, the dropping after a single season of last year's prestige show, Graphic, by a dissatisfied Ford of Canada. So an alternative was proposed: Canadian-born actor Hume Cronyn as host for Festival. Everyone concerned had heard of Cronyn and he was hired. Elaine was hired as hostess, with unspecified duties.

Her face is her fortune too

During a half year of negotiations Elaine was settling into English television. She had auditioned for Associated Rediffusion (one of three commercial TV companies) in 1955, during a summer holiday abroad. The day of the dry run, the only potential interview subject around the TV studios turned out to be Stephen Black, himself one of the most skilful interviewers in television. Elaine did five minutes' fast research and launched the interview by asking her TV audience, "How would you feel if you discovered at the age of twenty-four that a promising career was suddenly and finally ended?" She proceeded to cozen from Black details of a turning point in his life: a siege of tuberculosis that had wrenched him away from a promising career in Fleet Street to a frontiersman's life in Africa. Afterward he'd returned to become a television star.

The director of women's programs said afterward, "The expressions of her face are quite as valuable as her lines or her questions." She added, "You don't remember what she said, because she puts herself in the background, but you do remember the people she interviews."

As soon as Elaine had completed her contract with CBC, Associated Rediffusion hired her and assigned her to Lucky Dip, a half-hour grab bag of music and interviews. Elaine returned to England in January 1956, got herself an Italian haircut, rented a furnished house in Hampstead (she has since moved to a flat in Belgravia), and learned to call her colleagues "chaps." She appeared on the first

Lucky Dip in March, and, as she recalls it, faced "the toughest thing I have ever had to cope with in TV."

Her description of the experience goes like this: "There's a look that comes over a studio director's face that makes you sick to your stomach. You know the director in the control room is saying something disastrous to him, but you don't know what it is."

On this occasion she obeyed the studio director's signal to wind up the show and was on her way to the piano to join in the theme when she intercepted The Look. The studio director also held up four fingers, a signal that four minutes of live time were, somehow, still left. Roger Bannister has run a mile in less time than that, and, faced with filling the interval with extempore chatter, most performers would be tempted to imitate him. They might also involuntarily be sick, or faint. At least they'd be apt to flounder, splutter, babble and start on their next ulcer. Elaine ad libbed smoothly for the whole four minutes.

Pausing only to convince themselves that her accent was not Canadian but "mid-Atlantic," the English grappled her to their hearts. "She's the best I ever came across," said the director of women's programs at Associated Rediffusion. She undertook a series of Grand tours, by remote hookup. At Kew Gardens she interviewed the director in the rain, standing under an umbrella amid the dripping lapagerias. At an exhibit of boys' club work she interviewed a waif from Limehouse who was building a canoe. "The most wonderfully touching and funny interview I've ever seen on television," said her director.

Last September, just as plans for the Chrysler Festival were coming to a full boil, Elaine was signed by another commercial company, Granada Television, of Manchester, as hostess for Sharp at Four, a weekly hour of chatter and interviews for the housewife. "So relaxed, so warm," cooed John Sharp, her co-host and the man for whom the program was named. He was grateful because she could chatter about Canada whenever they got short of subject matter on the show. In addition, her cavalier disinterest in scripts saved costly rehearsal time. (In England the TV ad lib is rare: for example, in Town Tonight, which consists of three-minute interviews with visiting celebrities, has to be entirely scripted and rehearsed for three hours beforehand.)

Most English programs are replaced every thirteen weeks and promptly forgotten. But Sharp at Four has been stepped up to a twice-weekly schedule and is slated for thirty-two weeks. Though John Sharp himself was dropped from the show early this year, Elaine is booked for the entire run.

Elaine half leans toward becoming an Englishwoman by adoption, claiming she loves the leisurely English pace. She works only four days a week, starts her working day with a Milltown tranquilizer, smokes thirty cigarettes before night and diets to quiet a nervous stomach. But "I'm really a lazy slob," she sighed recently. "I can sit in a chair by the hour doing nothing—not even reading." Champagne gives her a headache and she accepts none of the casual dates that come her way as a fledgling celebrity. In London she sees only a few close friends such as Ruben Ship, a Canadian playwright. She admits that she would like to marry again and recalls, with some warmth, that Solomon Grand's mother used to pay a high compliment to her Gentile daughter-in-law. She called her *halabusta*, the Yiddish word for homemaker—a pretty strong clue to the quality that swiftly turned Elaine into a television star. ★



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Their job is other people's business continued from page 26

A freighter called for help — and in Halifax a telephone-answering girl had a drydock waiting

This service has produced a new kind of switchboard operator—earphone diplomats who must judge which calls warrant rooting their clients out of bed, off the golf course or away from a cocktail party, and which calls should be politely

deferred till later. They may watch the phone of a vacationing family for an entire month, or hold the line fifteen minutes while a client's under the shower. They're paid to awaken some people each morning and to see that others can slum-

ber on undisturbed. Taking orders for small businessmen, tracking down lawyers and serving as after-hours watchdogs for such big concerns as Canadian General Electric and Trans-Canada Air Lines, they help out in the darndest ways.

At four o'clock one morning, for example, a tugboat took a crippled British cargo ship in tow in the Atlantic. Miles out of Halifax, the freighter's skipper picked up his ship-to-shore phone, called a marine repair yard there and talked, unknowingly, to a telephone-answering girl. When the vessels reached port a drydock was yawning in readiness.

In Edmonton recently a man debated with his wife until two a.m. about whether to buy a house they'd seen that night. Having agreed at last, he impulsively dialed his real estate agent's number and got another answering girl. When she heard that the caller wanted to buy immediately—before his spouse changed her mind again—she quickly roused the agent and the deal was made.

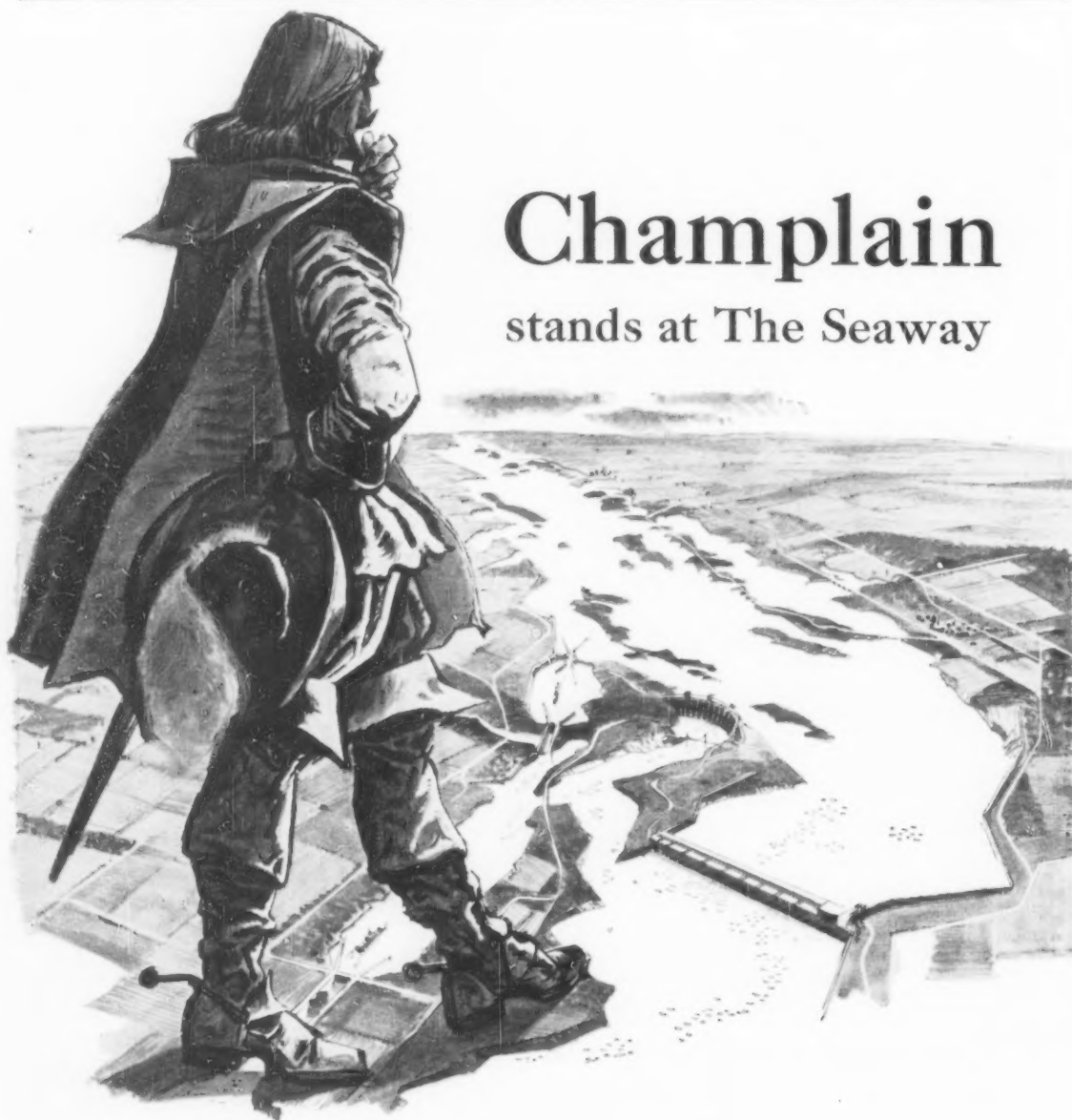
Doctors, not surprisingly, are the heaviest users of the answering services. In Toronto nearly a thousand MDs pay phone bureaus to keep them posted on emergency cases. Oil companies leave it to the bureaus to take after-hours calls for fuel or furnace servicing. A butcher in Quebec City has a bureau take all his phone calls on Friday evenings, when trade is briskest, and sends a boy to the bureau office every hour to pick up meat orders. That way he can tend the store without constant telephone interruptions. A Winnipeg businessman has all of his home calls routed through an answering-company switchboard—all to escape from his partner. He likes the man all right; just can't stand the sound of his voice any more than necessary. And an executive of a strike-bound Montreal factory was pestered with calls from union hotheads until he found refuge behind an answering bureau.

With a wink she's in business

The technical hookup for an answering service is fairly simple. When a customer applies for service, the answering company goes to the local telephone utility to have a line spliced onto the subscriber's line at Central. Running to the answering-company's switchboard, it acts like an extension phone. When the customer wants to turn his calls over to the bureau, he simply phones in. His operator flicks a lever on her switchboard, just below the customer's name, phone number and plug-in socket. Then all calls to the client's phone will "burn in" to her board. A small winking light tells her when his phone is ringing, and she has only to plug in and answer it.

The switchboards generally have an eighty-line capacity. Beside each customer's name and phone number is a printed phrase for the operator to use in answering. She must be sure to say, "Good morning, Doakes and Company," "Sunburst 1-2345," or just plain "Hello"—whatever the client wants. She must also know how quickly to answer. While most clients want a prompt answer given, some prefer a slight delay. For instance, a cabinetmaker in Toronto feels that a delayed answer gives callers the impression that his business is so flourishing that everyone is too busy to jump at the phone's first ring. Actually, he works alone.

For many commercial customers the operator is both secretary and order taker. Ellenzweig Bakery Ltd., in Hamilton, uses an answering bureau to take orders phoned in at night. It sells more than fifty varieties of bread and rolls in a terri-



Champlain stands at The Seaway

If Champlain returned to the waterway he knew so well, could he enter into the far-reaching spirit of the mighty Seaway project along the St. Lawrence? We believe he could, for Champlain, "Father of New France" and founder of Quebec, was a businessman-explorer . . . seeking new lands for development.

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THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

• your partner in helping Canada grow

tory that includes all of southern Ontario and some of western Quebec, so time never drags for the operator. To make sure that it doesn't she has from forty to forty-five other lines to answer, including those of such varied businesses as a scrap-metal firm and a baby-sitting bureau.

In Toronto I stood behind a telephone-answering-service switchboard for half an hour and watched an operator take messages for a small stationery firm, a neon-sign repairman, a theatrical agent, an upholsterer, a lawyer and a builders-supply dealer. For most of them it was a matter of saying that the boss was out and would the caller leave a message; but a lengthy order for sand and gravel was taken for the builders-supply customer and details of a repair job were taken for the neon man. During the same period messages were read off to a retail furniture store, a real estate agent, a rubber-goods jobber and two private subscribers who called to find out if anyone had phoned them while they had been away from their phones.

Such absences vary from a few minutes to a couple of weeks. It may seem odd for a retailer to have his calls intercepted during business hours, but one-man businesses sometimes route their calls to an answering bureau when important visitors drop in, if only for ten minutes. It avoids interrupted sales talks.

A Kitchener, Ont., waterproofing firm uses answering bureaus throughout its sales territory to take all its orders. Many firms, like Atlas Asbestos, of Ottawa, have opened branch offices after first having entered a district by having orders and other enquiries handled by a bureau. Atlas started this way in Ottawa six years ago; last spring it opened a sales office there. It still uses the answering service at night.

Though the volume of commercial accounts is large at any answering bureau, it usually takes second place to the number of doctors using the service. There are several bureaus in Canada operating solely for the medical profession. In larger cities, where some buildings are occupied exclusively by doctors, a one-building answering service may be operated for the tenants only.

Many of the regular bureaus give over as much as a third of their total switchboard strength for exclusive medical use. When a doctor takes the service he soon learns that he will have no place to hide, even if he should want to. When a doctor signed up with Telephone Answering Service, of Montreal, not long ago, he had

to supply the phone numbers of his home, his hospitals, the drug stores that do his dispensing, his clubs, friends, parents and in-laws, as well as numbers for the places where he drops in most often for a cup of coffee, his favorite theatre, the garage that services his car and the phone nearest his summer cottage. "Well," said the bemused medic, "I hope none of my creditors ever call here!"

Actually, answering bureaus won't give out clues to a client's whereabouts unless they've been instructed to do so. The bureau's function is to say that the party

is out and offer to take the caller's number or message. With most calls it's usually enough for the operator to note such messages and give them to the customer when he next checks in. On a doctor's phone, however, the operator has to be prepared not only to start finding the doctor quickly; she may have to do much more.

Last year an Ottawa operator took a call for an absent doctor and the caller hysterically told of a bad highway accident he'd just seen. The operator not only located the doctor but sent an ambulance

to the spot and called a hospital to make ready. It was just as well she did—four people were seriously injured in the smash.

Recently a man who pulled a child from Bedford Basin, near Halifax, called his own doctor but got an answering bureau instead. By the time the doctor reached the scene a fire-department inhalator—dispatched by the switchboard girl—had revived the child.

Occasionally, of course, the switchboard girls pull boners. One in Toronto spent a frantic few minutes trying to con-

Try this Heinz
minute saver

Bean "Red Hots"



Toast and butter hot dog rolls, split lengthwise. Fill rolls with generous serving of piping hot Heinz Beans. Cut cooked wieners and place strips along the top of each roll. And you'd better have plenty on hand for "seconds."



Who is it?

As a school teacher he ignored the three Rs, but his star pupils made his name famous across Canada. Turn to page 46 to see who this boy grew up to be.

No matter how you serve them, Heinz Beans are guaranteed to be a sizzling success! Carefully cooked to plump, nutty-brown perfection in a subtly spiced tomato sauce... you can't match Heinz Beans for old-fashioned, mouth-watering goodness anywhere. Serve easy-to-fix... delicious-to-taste Heinz Bean "Red Hots" tonight! And make sure you have a good stock of Heinz Beans left in the cupboard for all the times ahead when you'll want to serve them.

HEINZ Beans





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vince a client to go out on an obstetrical case. Turned out she'd picked the wrong doctor from her file—this one was a dentist. And there was the other Toronto operator, working her way through law school, who got so wrapped up in one caller's claim that he'd been swindled by her telephone client that she urged him, "Why don't you sue? You've got an airtight case." He sued, and collected.

Many answering-bureau customers take the service as a sort of burglary insurance. A Montreal stockbroker's home was ransacked three summers in a row while he was away at his cottage. Then, five years ago, he signed up with an answering service. Not one break-in since. According to Alan Perser, owner of Toronto's large City-Wide bureau, "House-breakers may be wising up to the fact that a lot of the calls they make to find empty houses are answered by a bureau. But they can't be sure—and that's where we have them."

Some customers have even more dramatic uses for the service than foiling would-be thieves. In a British Columbia city a woman entered the bureau office and asked for the operator who'd taken a call for her the previous night. The girl was brought out and the customer gave her a fifty-dollar cheque. Then she asked to have the service discontinued.

The client explained she'd quarreled with her son nearly two years before, and he'd left home. Always hoping he'd return, she had engaged the bureau to take her calls on the few occasions when she was out visiting. She wanted to be sure that, should he return to town and ring her up, his call would be answered. The previous evening he had done just that: the bureau was on the job and her son was given the phone number of the people she was visiting. The cheque was evidence that a reconciliation had been reached.

Then there was the married man in Quebec City who relied on an answering bureau to get him off a hook. He had become involved with a woman who was not too discreet about phoning him. For four months he had all his calls taken by a bureau in order to sidestep those from the eager but unwanted girl friend. She finally gave up.

Private customers sometimes engage the service for only an evening, or a week. The reason for a number of such short contracts was obvious during the winter of 1955-56 when a large supermarket chain ran a promotional gimmick that involved a store representative every Saturday night calling people chosen at random from the telephone book. To qualify for a prize all they had to do was answer their phones by saying the name of the chain. Scores of people who had to leave their phones on those Saturday nights used answering companies; and the operators were anxiously cautioned to answer, "Whoosis Stores Limited," on all calls.

Some people not only depend on an answering service to help them win contests, but to get them out of bed in the morning. City-Wide in Toronto throws in a daily wake-up service as a courtesy for any customer who wants it. It costs \$2.50 a month for noncustomers.

Why anyone would pay the price of an alarm clock every month to be awakened by phone in the mornings isn't quite as puzzling as it may seem at first. There is the woman who has to be up by 7.30 a.m. and has the bureau call her at five-minute intervals (at no extra charge), starting at seven. She is wide awake by 7.30. Railway personnel, surgeons, radio and TV announcers use the wake-up service so the temptation to reach out and shut off the alarm will not trap them into being late for appointments.



City-Wide had one wake-up customer, briefly, who didn't want an alarm clock on the premises. He was a night watchman for a small office building. He wanted to be roused at seven, before any of the staff arrived and found his sleeping quarters—the lounge in an executive's office. But he made the mistake of not telling City-Wide to bill him at his home. The building superintendent opened the first month's bill!

Most of the answering bureaus offer other services, such as stenographic help, mail addresses and so on. Some of the small ones are run by people who simultaneously operate different businesses. The answering bureau in Oshawa, Ont., is owned by a man who also runs a taxi business. Another in Peterborough, Ont., is run by an undertaker. For the big ones such as Telephone Answering Service Ltd., of Montreal, with branches in Toronto and Portland, Oregon, telephone answering is a full-time—and big—business. TAS employs about four hundred people to serve its six thousand customers in the three cities.

All the answering bureaus are privately owned, having no financial relationship with the telephone companies, except to pay their monthly bills for switchboard and wire rental. In the case of TAS this amounts to more than eight thousand dollars a month for the Montreal office alone.

Telephone companies charge answering bureaus an average of forty dollars a month for an eighty-line board, and a dollar and a half a month for each quarter mile of telephone line strung between the telephone company's central exchanges and the bureaus.

The people who run answering bureaus are as diversified a lot as their customers. John D. Johnston, who in 1931 helped found Montreal's TAS—the first in Canada — was a deep-sea deckhand.

ANSWER

to Who is it? on page 45

Leslie Bell, former professor in music education at the Ontario College of Education who won renown as the director of the Leslie Bell Singers.

Charles Stewart, of Halifax, was selling restaurant equipment when he decided to go into the answering business. H. E. Mickelberry, owner of Edmonton's largest bureau, is manager of an oil company; he and his wife also run a staff of twenty-five phone operators in three offices. Alan Perser, of Toronto's City-Wide, is a former insurance salesman.

When Johnston took over the Portland bureau in 1950, he acquired the telephone-answering bureau that is thought to have been first in the field. It was started in 1914 by a nurse, Genevieve Kidd, for doctors only. In 1921 two Boston men heard of Nurse Kidd's service and saw wider uses for it. They opened a Boston bureau and included commercial and private accounts. The Boston partners expanded with New York and Philadelphia branches. Other people started bureaus in most large American cities. Except for one London bureau, known as Finders Ltd., the telephone-answering business is strictly North American.

Some Canadian bureau owners have a Horatio Alger story to tell about their struggle for success. Johnston started early in the Depression; he had to beg and borrow from friends to meet his first month's phone bill of eight hundred dollars. He got over that hump and has never looked back. Herb Hilder, who runs the Hamilton Telephone Answering Service, worked for a year in the steel mills to finance his start, while his wife and one operator manned their first board. When Perser entered the answering business in 1946 communications equipment—including switchboards—was hard to get. The telephone company started him off with individual phones for his first few customers. Before his first switchboard was installed he had forty-five customers, each with a separate phone. All the phones were bunched on a large table. "I had two helpers at the start," Perser recalls. "We must have looked like a trio of Swiss bell ringers, hopping around answering those phones. We couldn't tell which ones were ringing."

Today City-Wide has nine Toronto branches. In one of them, a couple of months ago, came a call for a private subscriber. When the operator answered, a solicitous voice enquired, "And how is Percy today?" She replied, mechanically, "He isn't in just now but if you leave your number I'll have him call you." This courtesy was greeted with loud laughter. Percy, it turned out, was her client's poodle. ★



Black pearls make this
Mexican oyster bed a

TREASURE TROVE

1 "You work under pressure in more ways than one when you skin dive for pearls off Baja California, in Mexico. Even at 3 fathoms, the pressure on your ears is something fierce. And your lungs feel ready to burst after 40 seconds below," writes a sportsman friend of Canadian Club. "If you're lucky, as I was, the Gulf of California pays you well for your efforts."



2 "Black Beauty! The pearl that I found, called 'black' though it's actually gun-metal gray, popped the eyes of my Mexican friends. It would fetch a couple of thousand dollars back home."



3 "A fortune in matched pearls proved that Mexican pearl-diving is profitable. Natives dive as deep as 10 fathoms to snare pearls from the bottom of the Gulf. One lustrous gem satisfied me. For though a necklace may be worth over \$20,000 the diver himself gets little."

4 "Hernando Cortez, the Spanish conquistador, landed near here seeking gold. At the Las Cruces Ranch I struck it rich with Canadian Club! When the world is your oyster, you expect to find Canadian Club wherever you go. From my experience, you're seldom disappointed."

Why this world-wide popularity? It's the distinctive light, satisfying flavour of Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. Try Canadian Club *yourself* and you'll see why it is served in every notable club, hotel or bar the world over.

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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY



The story of the Conachers continued from page 21

"I slid into the goalpost . . . One of my kidneys was so badly damaged it had to be removed"

remember the day I signed my first contract with the Leafs. It was for twenty thousand dollars for two years, and I got an advance cheque for five thousand dollars. In the fall of 1929 five thousand dollars looked to me like those numbers

you see on the windows of a bank, and to a family like ours it seemed like all the money in the world. I was a couple of months shy of twenty, and just about the first thing I did after I'd made my first deposit was buy a yellow Buick

coupe with a rumble seat. Then I headed for our house on Davenport Road in what used to be known as Toronto's north end but what is practically downtown in the sprawling Toronto of today. I picked up some sandwiches at a restau-

rant along the way and drove up to our door in splendid majesty. It was a moment I'll never forget.

Five of the kids were at home, the twin girls Kay and Nora, the twin boys Roy and Bert, and our older sister Mary. The four oldest in the family, Dolly and Lionel and Derm and Queenie, were all married and away. The other five came charging off the porch, followed by my mother and dad, and we all piled into the car to go for a drive. We circled the block a couple of times and then stopped in the big ravine near Yonge Street and had a picnic on the sandwiches I'd bought. Then we had races. I put up a quarter for Roy and Bert, then another quarter for Kay and Nora. Really it didn't matter who won because the twins always shared anything they had anyway. Whenever Lionel conducted these family races he'd dig down for a dollar, and in races between Roy and Bert the winner would get seventy-five cents. The boys would run their hearts out to beat one another, but I never remember a time that, no matter who won, each didn't wind up with fifty cents.

There's still a tremendous bond between Roy and Bert. When Roy was sold to Chicago by Detroit in 1947 he refused to join the Black Hawks unless Bert went to Chicago with him. Bert said, what the heck, he didn't mind spending a winter in Chicago, so he went and the two of them roomed together. Roy's wife Fran accepts the bond philosophically. "When I married Roy," she smiles, "I married them both." Bert has just been married for three years, and his wife Grace feels the same way.

For that matter, the whole family's close. I remember I slid into a goal post in my first season, and while I didn't think I'd done any serious damage at the time, I began to get terrific pains in my back as the season wore on. It got so that I could hardly bend over to do up my skates and finally I had to go to hospital. It turned out that one of my kidneys was so badly damaged that it had to be removed. I'll never forget the loneliness of that hospital room. It was far worse than the pains. I told Bert and Roy and my older brother Derm to hang around the hospital with me. They'd leave when the visitors had to go, but then they'd sneak across a vacant lot behind Wellesley Hospital, go in the back way, and tiptoe down the corridor to my room. The nurse used to wonder about the mumbling occasionally, but I'd hear her coming down the hall, and in a hoarse whisper I'd tell the boys to hide in the bathroom. One night I was sure she'd caught us.

"Who's in here?" she demanded. "I heard people talking."
"No, no, it's just my back," I lied. "I was moaning, nurse."

So she went out. Through a crack in the half-closed bathroom door I could see my three brothers lined up against the wall, their backs pressed against it and their hands over their mouths to keep them from laughing.

Even in moments of high triumph there was that bond. Back in the spring of 1939 when Roy was popping in the goals for Boston, the Bruins gained the Stanley Cup final against Toronto. The teams split the first two games in Boston and then moved back to Toronto for the next two. The Bruins surprised by winning the third playoff game 3 to 1 in



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Maple Leaf Gardens, and put a hammerlock on the championship by winning the fourth game 2 to 0, with Roy scoring both goals. The Bruin management was so jubilant that, although the team still needed another victory to sew up the series, the players were given a big party out at the old Silver Slipper club near the Humber River on Toronto's western outskirts. Of course, Roy was the toast of the ball. Except that Roy didn't show up.

Right after the game, Roy and Bert and Nora and a friend of Nora's named May Brown went back to our house and sat around the big kitchen table playing penny ante. I don't think a dollar changed hands all night. They'd argue over whether a flush beat a straight and whether a straight beat a pair when there were all of a dozen pennies in the pot. Roy always would rather be with Bert and Nora than any two outsiders you can name. To this day, neither Roy nor Bert has ever taken a drink.

Incidentally, the Bruins caught a train to Boston the next afternoon, and finished off their Stanley Cup triumph the following night. Roy got the winning goal in a game that ended 3 to 1.

Around our house we used to have what we called "the hunt." When Lionel or I brought a little money home for mother we'd get her out of the room, and then hide a few bills. Then the hunt was on, and it was up to mom to find the money. We'd tell her if she was hot or cold, and if she was getting closer to one of the bills, well then, of course she was getting warmer.

Once, dad found the money before she did. "Finders keepers," he laughed, holding it high over mother's head. Of course he was only teasing her. Dad, like the rest of us, turned money over to mother to run the house.

A clan meeting at Christmas

The rest of the family brought money home as soon as they were old enough to work. None of the Conachers got beyond grade eight at Jesse Ketchum school because high-school books cost money that we couldn't afford. Bert and Roy had paper routes and sold hockey programs at Maple Leaf Gardens in the early Thirties for a dollar a night, and they turned that over. Nora and Kay went to work at the Gooderham and Worts distillery when they were sixteen, bottling whisky for \$12.50 a week. They worked from eight to five o'clock six days a week. Mary got a job at the Bell Telephone. Her responsibility was the thirty-dollars-a-month rent we paid for our house. Later Mary married a wrestler named Ernie Zellers, who now is superintendent of schools at Butler, Indiana. Queenie was hardly around long enough to work, but for a time she was a clerk at Andrew's Bakery. When she was seventeen she married Martin Mayhue and they're now living at Detroit where he works at one of the Ford plants. Derm was married young, too, and moved out to make his own way.

But, no matter where everybody was, the whole clan congregated at home every Christmas until two Christmases ago when mother died at the age of eighty-two. Home was always the house in which mother lived to us Conachers even after we were married and had families of our own. From the early days on Davenport Road, that involved two other houses in the same general semi-poor neighborhood near the foot of the Avenue Road hill in what is now the centre of Toronto. From Davenport we moved to Dupont Street, where we lived for seven years, and then to MacPherson Avenue where we spent thirteen years.

Then, just before the war, the family "made the hill," moving up to the crest of the Avenue Road hill to Duggan Avenue, a neighborhood so prosperous that you'd never see a kid wearing a patch in the seat of his pants.

Four years ago mom and dad wanted to get back to the old district. They wanted to be near the church they'd attended for more than fifty years, the Church of the Redeemer, at Bloor Street and Avenue Road. So they moved into a three-story frame house on Scollard Avenue, about two blocks from the

church. Now Nora stays there with dad, who will be ninety next October, and various members of the family still drop in on odd evenings to sit around and be together.

My sister Queenie, who was christened Queen Victoria May Conacher, is the only member of the family who grows self-conscious when the subject of age comes up at these occasional get-togethers. Unhappily for Queenie, the Conachers are the kind of family who make a point of bringing up that very subject when Queenie comes for a visit. Five

or six of us will be sitting around the big kitchen at home now, with the big wood stove giving off a glowing warmth, and maybe Roy will say that he remembers when he and Bert had only one bobsled between them. Then I'll wink at Roy.

"Gosh, Roy," I'll say, dead-pan, "we'd be living on Davenport then, wouldn't we, and you and Bert would be about thirteen. That'd be twenty-seven years ago."

"That's right," Roy says. "And if Bert and I were thirteen, you'd be twenty."



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How old would that make Mary?"

Well, of course, all this time we're watching Queenie, and Queenie, who is two years older than Mary, always starts to fidget. She fusses with her hair, shifts position in her chair, and breaks in with something about how the weather's been in Detroit lately.

We've had the occasional family squabble — one time Roy punched Bert and knocked him down during a shinny scrimmage, and then for days afterward felt terrible pangs of remorse and actually suffered more than Bert did — but Heaven help an outsider who passed a snide remark about a Conacher. Once, down at the Sunnyside Stadium where girls' softball used to attract sellout crowds night after night, my brother Lionel was watching a game in which the twin girls, Nora and Kay, were playing. Nora, who is a very attractive girl, was at second base for the Nationals, and some loud-mouth in the crowd made a sniggering aside concerning her appearance. Lionel heard him.

"That's my sister, buster," Lionel said, grabbing the guy by the lapels. Then he belted him with a right, knocking the guy as cold as a mackerel.

Kay and Nora were both good ball players, a game they played as kids at Jesse Ketchum school where the principal, William Kirk, insisted that every student participate in sports. His policy kept us Conachers so interested in games that in spite of the fact we rarely had any money we had no time to get into trouble. And, believe me, we were poor. Once, when Kay and Nora formed the battery for the Jesse Ketchum school team in a game against the Elizabeth Street school, Nora had a searing experience. The girls had to wear long stockings in those school games but Nora, who was Jesse's pitcher, had her stockings rolled below her knees. Halfway through the game, with Jesse away ahead, the Elizabeth girls started calling from the bench at Nora, insisting she roll her stockings up. Nora's teacher walked out to the mound.

"Maybe you'd better roll your stockings up, Nora," she said.

"No, I don't want to," Nora said, a little flustered.

"Perhaps you'd better," the teacher persisted.

"It's just an excuse," Nora said, close to tears that made no sense to her teacher. "They know we're going to beat them and it's just an excuse."

"Well, I think you'd better."

Nora looked at her teacher for a long moment.

"I can't," she said. "There are no tops."

Nora recalls that she had a nervous habit in school of tugging at her stocking-tops. This had pulled a hole in one of them and stretched the other all out of shape. So she'd cut the tops off, and rolled the stockings over an elastic below her knees. That particular week, Nora had only one pair of stockings.

I don't know how her teacher explained all this to the Elizabeth Street school teacher, but anyway the game went on and the Jesse Ketchum girls won it.

I'll never forget the first time Nora and Kay ever went on a trip. I was with the Leafs in Boston and I phoned the twins to tell them I wanted them to meet me in New York where the Leafs were playing a couple of nights later. I got them a hotel room and met them at Grand Central Station. The first thing they did when we got to their room was have a bath.

"Gee, what a beautiful tiled bathroom," Kay said, "and what a thick bath towel."

"Honestly," Nora agreed, "it's the

thickest bath towel I've ever seen."

The bath towels hadn't seemed particularly thick in any hotel I'd ever been in, so I took a look at the objects of wild approval.

"For God's sake," I said, coming out of the bathroom and rejoining the girls in the room, "you've both been drying on the bath mat!"

I used to bring presents home from road trips for mother, and her face would light up in delight, and then she'd frown.

"Oh, Charlie, you shouldn't be wasting your money on me," she'd say.

Mother was the kingpin around which the family revolved. She was about five-foot-five or -six but we used to call her Shrimp occasionally because the whole family outgrew her. We had patches on our pants but she always made sure we were clean, and she taught us never to be envious of anyone, and she preached honesty to us. If Lionel came home and left her some money, and then I came in with some, she'd refuse to take the money from me.

"I don't need it, I don't need it," she'd insist. "Lionel was just here."

That's when I'd organize "the hunt."

I remember the first time I bought a washing machine. I had it sent up and the men installed it in the basement. It

Do it myself

I don't need a kit,
I don't need a tool;
I have what's required
To make me a fool.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

sat there for weeks, untouched, while mother went right on washing by hand over a scrub-board. One night she confessed to Nora that she was afraid of the washing machine. So Nora showed her how to run it, and once mother discovered that it wouldn't snap at her she used to sail into the basement four or five times a week to do her washing.

Another time I had a refrigerator sent to the house to replace the old icebox. Nora got mother out into the backyard while the thing was installed and then we all stood around the kitchen to watch her reaction when she saw it. She came in and started to prepare supper. She wanted to know what everybody was doing in the kitchen. She peeled potatoes, humming over the kitchen sink, and then she set the table. It must have been twenty minutes before she finally noticed it, and then she just stopped in mid-stride and stared.

Now that mother's gone nobody misses her as much as dad does. They were married nearly sixty years. Dad is still a remarkable man for one who has been living eighty-nine years. He cooks his own breakfast and he always makes Nora's lunch for her. But his conversation still revolves around mother. She was in the hospital for about three weeks. The nurses at St. Mike's were captivated by her because she felt she was such a bother to girls who already had enough to do. Three nurses, who'd really not had much time to get to know her, turned up at her funeral. One of them summed up the whole family's feeling about mother when she drew Nora aside and said softly:

"There'll never be another like her." ★

In the next issue Charlie Conacher tells the story of his brother Lionel, the fabulous Big Train who was voted Canada's outstanding athlete of the half century.



London Letter continued from page 6

"I looked at my extra gasoline coupons. I didn't feel any shame"

he could hurl a stink bomb at us Conservatives who keep on winning elections and forming governments.

On the eve of the new petrol-ration period the editorial column of the Sunday Express had this to say:

Tomorrow a time of hardship starts for everyone. For everyone? Include the politicians out of that. Petrol rationing will pass them by. They are to get prodigious supplementary allowances.

Isn't it fantastic? The small baker, unable to carry out his round, may be pushed out of business. The one-man taxi company may founder. The parent who lives in the country may plead in vain for petrol to drive the kids to school. But everywhere the tanks of the politicians will be brimming over.

What are the MPs doing about this monstrous injustice? Are they clamoring for Fuel Minister Mr. Aubrey Jones to treat politicians like the rest of the community? If it were a question of company directors getting special preference you may be sure that the howls in Westminster would soon be heard from John o' Groats to Ebbw Vale. But now there is not a squeak of protest.

If politicians are more interested in privileges for themselves than in the fair shares for all, let it swiftly be made plain to them that the public do not propose to tolerate it. And let the minister know that if he is so incapable of judging public feeling he is not fit to hold political office for a moment longer.

This, you will agree, was hot stuff. With a twinge of conscience I looked at the extra coupons allotted to me as a member of parliament. The coupons amounted to seven gallons, which had to do me for a full month.

Considering that my constituency is fifteen miles from my home and that it covers a considerable area of North London, I did not feel any great sense of shame or lack of patriotism.

It was no surprise, therefore, when on the Monday immediately following the publication a Tory MP raised a matter of privilege in the chamber with Mr. Speaker. On being told to go ahead, he read the Sunday Express editorial and asked Mr. Speaker to say whether its publication was or was not a breach of privilege.

Here in full view was a head-on collision between parliament and the press. The reporters in their special gallery leaned over to watch the battle of the gladiators, while the rest of us waited with mixed feelings for the decision of Mr. Speaker.

It did not take him long to make up his mind. In his opinion a *prima facie* case had been made out and he would refer the matter to the Committee of Privileges. Thus ended the first round. In due course the committee, consisting of senior privy council members, summoned Mr. Junor to appear before them and explain his conduct.

The committee, while full of dignity and armored with tradition, is what might be described as ruthlessly fair. If Junor had been wise he would have expressed his regret that in using the word "politicians" he had unintentionally given

the impression that he meant MPs, whereas most of the petrol allotment went to the constituency associations.

At the end of the examination the committee dismissed him and then went into a huddle. In due course they re-

ported to Mr. Speaker that, as a result of the answers given to the committee and also the manner of the editor, the committee recommended that Junor should on an appointed day be brought to the bar of the House of Commons and

answer the charge of having committed a breach of privilege.

The day before he was to appear three or four of us, without connivance of any sort, raised the matter in parliament after question time. Richard Crossman, an amusing and erudite socialist, declared that the whole thing would look foolish in the eyes of the country and that the matter should be dropped.

I followed him by saying that, as a former editor of the Sunday Express, I knew what it was to be on the receiving end of items of news from all parts of



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the world until at the point of fatigue an editor would publish almost anything.

"I do not defend at all what was a disgraceful publication in the Sunday Express, but to bring an editor from Fleet Street to stand in the House in a place where he has no right to stand, since he is not an elected member, is to make an absurdity of the House itself. Surely the comments already made, censuring Mr. Junor, are enough. He felt it very keenly."

"How do you know?" shouted the die-hards.

That was a bit of a poser. How did I know? No doubt it was true but it was only an assumption. So I hit back by declaring that every editor must feel humiliation when such comments and charges had been made, and the House would only lower its dignity by the medieval pantomime that would take place the next day.

There were loud shouts of "Order! Order!" and a Lancashire MP asked Mr. Speaker to make me withdraw the offensive expression "medieval pantomime."

Solemnly Mr. Speaker Morrison rose to his feet and in his rich Scottish voice declared, "I think the honorable member has no right to describe the proceedings of this House, whether they have taken place or are in contemplation, as a medieval pantomime, an expression which is lacking in that respect which every member owes to this House."

Thus admonished I said that I would willingly withdraw the words "medieval pantomime" and substitute for them "medieval drama."

But the Lancashire socialist would have none of it. There should be a complete and unconditional withdrawal of the offensive words.

With a twinkle in his eye Mr. Speaker solemnly rose and declared, "I think the second phrase, though inaccurate, is not so bad as the first. Drama, after all, is an expression which does apply to many happenings in this House, and they are dramatic. One may object to the term 'medieval' as implying undue antiquity and obsolescence (loud laughter)—but I think there is nothing to be ashamed of in the great age of this House and the

continuity of its traditions, so I do not think I can demand that withdrawal."

Whereupon I declared that the scene to take place next day would lower the dignity of the House.

By the end of question time next day the House was crowded to the last inch. Churchill at his prime could not have drawn a bigger audience. Even the peers deserted their chamber and pushed their way into the public gallery.

Unfortunately, there were some supplementaries that dragged on for more than half an hour after the question period would normally end. Therefore Mr. Junor, guarded by the sergeant-at-arms with his sword in its scabbard, had to wait for his ordeal.

Finally there came the great moment. Mr. Speaker ordered that Mr. John Junor be brought to the bar of the House, and in came the offending editor under the escort of the sergeant-at-arms.

There was a deathly silence as Mr. Speaker charged him with having committed contempt of the honorable House, and asked if he had anything to say in his defense.

To my great relief, and indeed to the relief of most of us, the editor in a clear voice admitted that he was guilty of the charge made against him and that he humbly offered his apology to "this honorable House."

Whereupon, still under escort, he was allowed to withdraw, and the Commons agreed that the incident was closed and that it could get on with the new homicide bill.

Next day Malcolm Muggeridge, editor-extraordinary of Punch, was considering whether or not to publish a full-page cartoon of Junor at the bar of the House, dressed like the small boy of the Cavalier-Roundhead war period. Mr. Speaker leaning forward would be uttering the words, "When did you last see your proprietor?" — in other words Lord Beaverbrook.

But even Mr. Muggeridge was not quite sure. When the Old Mother of Parliaments gets on her dignity almost anything could happen, and the Tower of London is not a comfortable place at this time of the year. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

"The church must take stands on economic and political problems . . . and denounce injustice"

again that when a church unequivocally supports one party or political leader, the alliance has a weakening and corrupting effect on both groups concerned. As the great Dr. Emerson Fosdick has said, "A preacher must be able to say with the King of England, 'I would have you understand that no political party has me in its pocket.'"

The precise job of the church, it seems to me, is to relate and, as far as possible through the actions of its members, to reveal the divine will of God for truth, justice and brotherhood in the midst of everyday political exigencies. This may mean supporting a particular piece of political legislation here, criticizing a law or political decision there, but more than anything else transforming the thinking and customs of society so that political decisions are made after prayerful refer-

ence to the divine will. It means, too, not just working for honesty as against corruption, and urging everyone to cast his vote at elections, but being concerned that election campaigns provide an honest discussion of real issues; that the notion of public service as a Christian vocation be fully rehabilitated; that devotion to high principles, rather than expediency and opportunism, rule in parliament and in the decisions of the government.

Just to state these few minimal concerns of the Christian church for our political life shows how ineffectual the church has really been in permeating our political order in Canada.

In practice, what I have said means that the church must take stands on economic and political problems, denounce political immorality, injustice and discrimination, but above all, as Walter

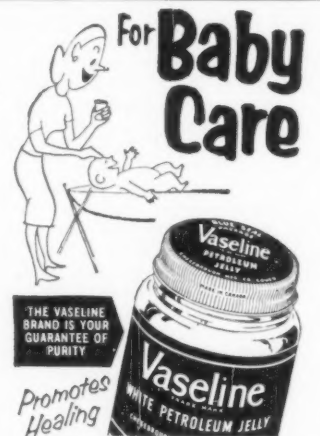


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Rauschenbusch, that outstanding nineteenth-century prophet of the social gospel, maintained: "The best time to preach on political questions is before they have become political questions; before they have been thrown out in the general wrangle and snarl of politics; before they have become partisan matters . . . The Christian church has the duty of treating questions before the world treats them."

When the Suez crisis broke some weeks ago we had a plethora of sermons, telling congregations what to think and believe about this event. Some clergymen came out strongly on the side of the Motherland; their "Christian" principle was apparently, "my country, right or wrong." The sermon I heard that Sunday, on the contrary, emphasized that it is not the preacher's job to "discuss politics from a political standpoint." Then the preacher—a bishop of the Anglican Communion—went on to give an ethical evaluation of the situation, concluding that, so far as he could tell with many facts still not in, Britain had broken certain moral principles and pledges, which no degree of self-interest, economic or otherwise, could ever really justify.

It took courage to preach this kind of sermon to an Anglican congregation but, in my view, this was precisely the kind of homily that was needed. In brief, I believe the preacher's job in such matters is to be a prophet of God—to get as many of the facts as humanly possible, and then clarify the issue by an ethical and spiritual analysis, favoring no party or group.

What we need, in my opinion, are more men who will relate God's will to the exact social situation in which the preacher and congregation stand at that moment. It's all very nice to relate Christian principles to the Negro problem in South Africa, but the real demand is to interpret the will of God for the situation "just around the corner"—to slums in one's own city, to injustice in one's own courts, to outmoded methods of penal reform in one's own province, to land speculation by "operators" in one's own suburb.

Every preacher is both evangelist and prophet, and as prophet his job is to pierce through the spiritual façade of his community to its real spiritual state, which is only revealed by actions, especially those in the social and political spheres. The Old Testament prophets were not fooled by pretences of piety, by expensive sacrifices of bulls or goats; they demanded social justice and brotherhood as the real signs of reverence for God. And they ticked off kings and leaders who made a pretence of serving God while seeking mainly self-advantage. The preacher today has the same exacting vocation: to penetrate and expose every caricature of Christianity in our communal life, courageously demanding social righteousness in the sphere of economics and politics, and indeed in all our social relationships.

Last spring the House of Commons in Ottawa was thrown into complete confusion and disorder for days because of certain actions of the government. Throughout the country people and newspapers of all parties were greatly distressed. The very integrity of parliamentary procedure was in serious danger. Why didn't preachers and church leaders raise their voices on this issue? Surely this was a time when the government should have been warned, by spiritual leaders un-

swayed by party politics, that important ethical principles were at stake.

It is not enough for the church, through its leaders, to pass judgment on social and political events. This is far too easy—in one sense. No, it is also the church's responsibility to send its laymen into actual political organizations and actual political leadership, with the idea of winning the political sphere for Christ. As every Christian is expected to aim at being a "little Christ," so the church's job is to make Christ the ruler over all of man's social life, including the areas of

economics and politics. This doesn't mean sending Christians into one particular party, but it does mean demanding that they take politics seriously as a sphere to be thoroughly Christianized and, within the party of their choice, strive courageously to permeate it with Christian principles.

According to the old cliché, politics is "too dirty" for real Christians. Thus, many people still believe that "you can't be a real Christian and also a politician." Here is both a dangerous misconception, and also the nub of the problem. If sincere

Christians leave "dirty politics" alone or neglect any other "dirty" area of social living, it will sooner or later become completely corrupt. Personally, I'm fully convinced that God wants contemporary Christians to roll up their sleeves and get right down into the so-called mess of dirty politics, and show the world how righteous political actions can be a way of elevating Christ. I believe more and more Christians have got to go into politics with their eyes open, keen to learn all there is to learn, honestly seeking the facts in every problem, willing to work

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relievers—cost you twice the price of ASPIRIN.

Yes, twice the price! And this in spite of the fact that medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent than the one used in ASPIRIN.

So why pay extra for extra ingredients that are utterly incapable of relieving pain? Instead, buy a product that's all pain reliever—100%—buy ASPIRIN.

Remember—you can take ASPIRIN any time. It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET.



You can get nothing better... even at twice the price!

Get ASPIRIN—it's ALL Pain Reliever!

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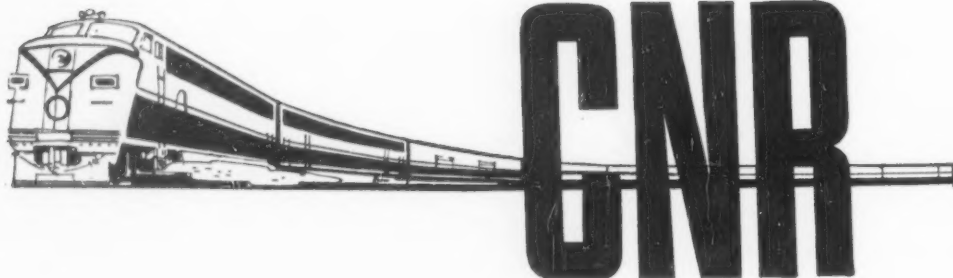
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hard and make agonizing decisions and compromises, and not expecting easy progress. Politics today is like a foreign land that must be missionized for Christ, by "missionaries" who are unafraid and undeterred by the hazards and trials of Christianizing this sphere of life.

Surely it's clear now that the present world crisis is just this: that Christianity has to win on the political front, or face an H-bomb war with Russia. If we don't enshrine in our political life here in Canada, and elsewhere in the West, the basic Christian principles of justice, brotherhood and truth, then the whole East will go over to Communism by default—and that means war. Surely, experience has shown that it is not enough merely to have preachers give prophetic sermons and church boards pass resolutions.

These thoughts are not simply my private notions. Numbers of Christians of different denominations are seeing it this way. So much so that a book has just been published by a professor of the Yale University Divinity School, called *Politics for Christians*, in which clergy and laity are both put on the spot. Prof. Muehl, the author, says, "The necessity of relating the Christian faith to the political process is no less urgent today than in the past. If anything . . . (with) the increasing role of government in our . . . society . . . it is even more pressing."

"Should a Christian become active in one of the major parties?" he asks. The answer: "He most certainly should, unless he can show a compelling reason for choosing some other means of discharging his responsibility to the realm of politics and some more effective means of witnessing to his faith. The burden of proof is on the one who stays outside of a party, and not the one who goes in."

Recent issues of the research publication of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. have devoted a great deal of space to the place of Christians in politics. Clergy have been severely chided for being too timid and too prudent; laymen have been taken to task for swallowing "the myth of rugged individualism"; and individual Christian leaders holding political office have been singled out and commended. We are at the beginning of a new wave of concern and action aimed at making Jesus Christ the King, not in the oratory or the pulpit, but in the realities of economic and political life. Here is the thing in a nutshell: either Christians and the church get into politics with both feet, or else we'll soon have no democratic politics in which to get involved. To use a slang phrase, "the heat is on," and we can expect to win the struggle with the Communists only by outthinking them on the basic problems of living and the art of government. ★



TON SMITS

MACLEAN'S



The changing face of Canada continued from page 15

Twin-story streets and expressways will help unravel our traffic

of two St. Lawrence Seaway projects.

For the Canadian city design of the future, our more imaginative town planners believe that downtown traffic should and can be eliminated. They see Canadian cities eventually ringed by six-laned, one-way speedways dotted with multi-deck, automatic parking structures. Pedestrians will be whisked from these garages — and from nearby subway and helicopter terminals — into the heart of the city along moving sidewalks (forty-inch-wide black rubber belts, traveling at two miles an hour).

Office buildings may stand on stilts, connected with their neighbors by arched viaducts. City halls, once Canada's drabest monstrosities, could become mushroom-shaped pavilions set back in tree-lined plazas.

Much of the downtown asphalt may be replaced by lawned walks. Summertime sidewalk cafés and kiosks are expected to flourish. In every square, Canadian city dwellers will probably be able to hear the relaxing sounds of splashing water, an opportunity they now seldom have, although it costs only twenty dollars to recirculate thirty thousand gallons of water a day — enough to operate a large fountain or reflecting pool.

During the expected doubling of Canada's metropolitan areas, city planners will borrow some ideas from the well-planned suburbs. They will strive to instill a much greater element of fun into urban life by more than trebling the number of existing parks, playgrounds, baseball diamonds, "theatres under the stars," tennis courts and indoor swimming pools. "If the parent city is to compete with the young upstarts," says Humphrey Carver, the research chief of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, "it must offer something as elegant and magnetic."

The rejuvenation of Canadian cities is one of our most urgent problems. About eighty percent of Canada's future population growth will take place in or near urban areas. In just ten years the large crop of postwar babies will be reaching house-buying age, adding pressure to city congestion. "We have one hundred months' grace in which to make our cities work efficiently," warns J. S. Hodgson, director of Central Mortgage and Housing's development division.

Our cities have become so inefficient that Canadians in the productive age groups now lose more time getting to and from work than through illness — and traffic will treble in twenty years. At least thirty billion dollars — almost twice the cost of Canada's World War II contribution — will have to be spent on doubling the existing network of streets and highways. Overhead expressways, twin-story streets, exclusive transit avenues — all these are in the cards. Canada's first piggy-back intersection will probably be at the busy junction of Park and Pine Streets in Montreal, near the new Montreal General Hospital. Toronto is already planning a second subway.

Also destined to go underground is the unsightly web of hydro cables cluttering city skylines. More than ten million dollars a year is being spent to submerge wiring. Montreal alone is entombing five miles of cables a year. Telephone wires are also being buried. Downtown areas will eventually be served by underground heating and air-conditioning hookups. Some Winnipeg and Edmonton homes and office buildings already have

common heating facilities in wide use.

Many municipalities will find the relocation of services and traffic routes painfully expensive. Most Canadian cities were founded in kerosene days around a harbor, at a river junction or on a rail-

road. They were designed as villages, with no provision for the metropolitan status they have since achieved.

The ideal insurance for continued downtown growth is to replace slums with apartment towers. Although urban

redevelopment has hardly started in Canada, Eric Beecroft, director of the Community Planning Association of Canada, predicts that in the next fifteen years downtown renewal will become one of this country's largest private- and public-investment fields.

What really disturbs town planners is the rapid decay of Canada's newest communities. "Some of the worst postwar subdivisions in Canada will be the slums of tomorrow and will undoubtedly require redevelopment," says Ian MacLennan, chief architect of the Central Mort-



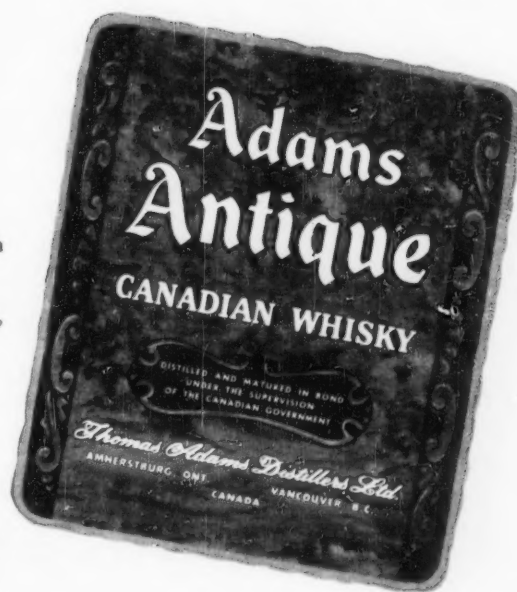
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A Pepperbox,
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From the Adams Antique
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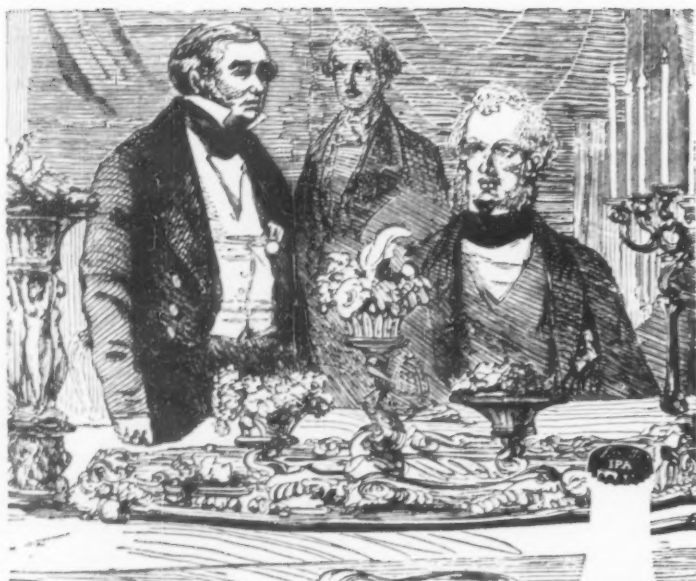
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PONSONBY (seated): Calm yourself, Fanshawe. Such excessive choler will hamper your digestion.

FANSHAW (standing): Who would not be angry, my dear Ponsonby, when faced with such mutton-headed servants. It is a rule of this household that Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale is always served at dinner. And well they know it.

PONSONBY: Can it be, Fanshawe, that you partake

of this flavoursome ale only at dinner?

FANSHAW: Far otherwise, Ponsonby. It is my contention that regular imbibing of India Pale Ale distinguishes a man from a milk-sop. Consequently I comfort myself with a glass whenever I feel the need.

PONSONBY: I commend your taste, Fanshawe. And I concur in your appraisal of India Pale Ale. It is, indeed, a MAN's ale.



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What Ottawa will look like

Ottawa is the only Canadian city with a predictable skyline. The national capital district — an area half the size of Prince Edward Island — is being rearranged according to a master plan drawn up by French town planner Jaques Greber.

Rather than an inflexible block-by-block design, it's an adjustable framework to provide for an ultimate population of half a million within a five-mile radius of Parliament Hill and a constellation of residential communities.

Ottawa's remodeling is the responsibility of the Federal District Commission, a government agency which has already spent \$38 million beautifying the city and intends to spend \$63 million in the next ten years. FDC projects in-

clude diversion of rail traffic to a new suburban station, loops of well-treed parkways, a green belt around the city, a new system of traffic thoroughways, and relocation of industry away from the city centre.

The commission also has jurisdiction over Ottawa mosquitoes and is trying to control the insects by filling in the low-lying sections of the Rideau River's east shore with non-combustible garbage, adding a few feet of soil, then planting flowers on top of the dumps.

"Ottawa has fantastic advantages of location and scenic beauty," says Alan Jarvis, director of the National Gallery. "There is still time to escape from the type of planning that created Toronto."

gauge and Housing Corporation. This also applies to such settlements as Seven Islands, Que., where the commercial district already requires redevelopment although the town's urban growth is less than seven years old.

The rehabilitation of Canadian cities will be hampered by a shortage of experienced town planners. In 1946 only four Canadian municipal governments had full-time planning departments. While sixty cities now employ 150 planners and four Canadian universities turn out forty more every spring, there is such a demand for qualified help that most members of this year's graduating classes can choose between four or five offers. The self-appointed mission of many young town planners is to fight against the outdated building codes now frustrating urban aesthetic improvement efforts. Bylaws in some cities still insist that every wall must be at least eight inches thick.

Architects predict that curtain walling, which uses thin glass and porcelain panels between aluminum columns to form an attractive, easy-to-keep-shiny façade, will eventually replace conventional masonry in most big buildings. Canada's largest glass tower, the twenty-one-story B.C. Electric Company headquarters being completed this year in Vancouver, is designed so that no employee has to work more than eighteen

feet from a window. Italian mosaic tile covers all exposed concrete surfaces.

A building soon to be erected by the Sun Life Assurance Company in Toronto will use a similar walling technique, but will have a face of grey heat-absorbing glass. It will be Canada's first skyscraper resting on stilts over street-level shrubs and fountains. The building will be air-conditioned, with sealed windows kept clean by a mechanical mop propelling itself across the glass.

The new Imperial Oil Limited head office on St. Clair Avenue in Toronto has a more traditional granite facing, but its nineteen floors feature many innovations. The first eight stories are connected by escalators sweeping along at 120 feet a minute. The lobby has an imposing mural by R. York Wilson depicting man's search for oil. A painting by Sidney Watson symbolizing Canada's industrial progress decorates Imperial's nineteenth-floor boardroom and there's an abstract mural in the staff cafeteria by the late Oscar Cahen.

Canadian business is gradually expanding its role as an arts patron. West-coast artist B. C. Binning produced a striking effect on the face of the O'Brien Advertising Limited building in Vancouver by combining surfaces of French grey, Swedish red and Venetian blue. He also painted an abstract, richly colored mural to cover one wall of the agency's board-

With atomic power
Self-contained sewage
Sugar-coated walls
A bed in a cupboard



Here's the house you'll live in tomorrow

The future home will be a machine designed for daily living.

It will require neither electrical hookups nor sewage disposal. Homes will have their own underground, atomic generating plants, and biochemistry will offer new methods of vaporizing sewage. A water-operated toilet that needs no disposal mains has already been invented. Where wells can't supply water to bathtubs and

kitchens, used water from a small tank will be cleaned and recirculated to all outlets in the home.

Walls won't be like today's walls. Among materials in the future will be derivatives of rubber, cheese, silk, sugar cane, asbestos, bark, pine needles and repulped newspapers.

"The housebuilding industry will soon be able to produce homes that can be

room. For a new British American Oil Company building in Montreal, Danish-born Toronto artist Thor Hansen has designed a fifty-foot-high mural depicting forty-three phases of Quebec's customs, history and traditions.

Most interior decorators preach that an office should reflect the personality of its occupying executive. They also claim that red and yellow stimulate business thinking, while green and blue abate excitement. Brown is depressing, white is cold. Apparently the personality of some Canadian executives is not easily expressed in an appropriately shaded work setting. Such outlandish office furnishings as Tahiti-tan desks, purple Fiberglas drapes, charcoal-striped rugs and birch-bark doors are gradually gaining popularity.

While offices are trying to resemble luxury-hotel suites, hotel rooms are being transformed into combined living and business quarters. A large proportion of the twelve hundred rooms in the CNR's new Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal will be furnished as office bedrooms, with hide-away bed-closets.

More than two hundred million dollars' worth of new hotels are now being completed across Canada, but the number of suburban motels will soon outnumber Canada's 5,500 hotels. The motel is successfully capitalizing on the durable philosophy of the nineteenth-century stagecoach inn ("good and cheerful lodgings for weary travelers") and in the process becoming swankier than its downtown counterpart. The four-story Seaway motor hotel near Toronto, for example, has a 350-seat banquet hall, a house physician, a children's playground and individual glass balconies overlooking Lake Ontario. One British Columbia motel has an annex of motel-shaped kennels to lure holidaymakers with pets.

A real surprise may be in store for travelers who like to carry their houses around with them. The most curious building likely to rise along future downtown avenues may be the concrete, vertical trailer park. Mid-city "mobile home apartments" would accommodate trailer-ites on a series of ledges lining their outside walls. They'd have a traveling crane on the roof to boost the mobile home to its perch and each trailer's front door would open onto an elevator. A prototype is on the draughting boards of a southern California construction company.

Stationary housing is also due to be reshuffled. City planners think that one way to make urban Canadians happier, and relieve the monotony of suburban

moved at the whim of the owner and traded in on new ones," predicts A. R. Craig, president of the Building Centre in Toronto. The prospective house buyer will get made-to-scale parts that he'll assemble to indicate how he wants his home manufactured. Mechanical erectors will quickly put up the dwelling—huge prefabricated chunks at a time. In one model—the Monsanto Chemical Company plastic house—a cross-shaped structure has four U-shaped rooms attached to a central kitchen.

The walls and floor of the future bathroom will be coated with a foam-like matting, soft and warm to the touch. The bathtub will look more like a small plastic-lined swimming pool. The bedroom may disappear and become merely an air-conditioned cubicle. Bedmaking would become a pushbutton task with disposable sheeting drawn from a roller at the foot of the mattress.

housing, is to return them to village-scale living. They believe this can be accomplished by building up a system of school-centred neighborhoods. These would be zoned areas of about three thousand people, each clustered around a fourteen-room elementary school, with boundaries formed by a main street, river, cemetery or some other barrier. Every neighborhood would have landscaped superblocks closed to traffic. There would be different types of homes so that residents could move with changing requirements without having to leave the neighborhood.

Edmonton, with more than twenty of thirty-nine zoned neighborhoods already developed, and the super-planned community of Kitimat, B.C., have come closest to realizing this concept. Such housing subdivisions as Don Mills in northeast Toronto, Wildwood near Winnipeg, Fraser View in Vancouver, Manor Park in Ottawa and Applewood Acres in Cooksville, Ont., have also successfully tried adaptations of school-centred neighborhood planning.

The schools that will form the core of future neighborhoods will probably be

motel-like structures with attached L-shaped classrooms designed to give each age group its own section of the schoolyard. The future high school will resemble today's university campus, with separate one-story buildings for each major subject and a central gymnasium-cafeteria-administration hall.

Elementary and secondary school enrollment will double by 1980 to nearly six million. Enough children to fill the average classroom are born or immigrate to Canada every forty-seven minutes.

To accommodate the pupils' parents,

Whether you like...

... fishing



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Goes wherever there's water to float your boat!



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Who doesn't thrill to the wonderful world of healthy fun offered by our magnificent lakes and waterways? The friendly beaches and sunlit waters promise carefree days to all—and the priceless enjoyment of every fun-filled hour can be doubled by an Evinrude that fits perfectly to your kind of boating fun.

With these latest nine Evinrudes you'll get an all-new performance because of thrilling New features. Here's nerve-tling new power, the sharpest of styling and traditional rugged Evinrude stamina. A new Safti-Grip clutch banishes shear-pin worries, while Eas-A-Matic starting guarantees sure easy starts; and the 3 H.P. model has the exclusive Fisherman Drive. All electric models have 12 volt marine type systems with generators optional for the 35 H.P. models. Here you'll find the motor "right" for you—for your kind of boating fun.

3 to 35 H.P.
INCLUDING 2 NEW 18 H.P.
AND 3 NEW 35 H.P. MODELS

All the fun of outboarding can be yours—now most Evinrude dealers have a convenient Time Payment Plan. See your dealer today, you'll find him listed in the telephone directory under "Outboard Motors".

Write for free literature and your copy of the new "Handbook for Weekend Skippers".

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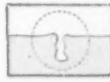
SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works.

Now! A new medicated formulation called CLEARASIL, developed especially for pimples. In scientific clinical tests, CLEARASIL, with its remarkable drying action, brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

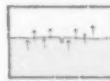
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. **PENETRATES PIMPLES**... keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue... permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. **ISOLATES PIMPLES**... antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. **'DRIES' PIMPLES**... CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'dries' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that encourage pimples.

ENDS EMBARRASSMENT immediately because skin-color hides pimples while it works. Dries up pimples where greasy creams and ointments fail. Must work for you as it did in clinical tests or money back.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS: CLEARASIL's famous penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath! Allows them to 'float out' with normal washing... So don't suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads a day longer. Get CLEARASIL today, only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size \$1.19).



Canada's Largest-Selling
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SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size of CLEARASIL. Mail to CLEARASIL, Dept. ZZ, 429, St. Jean Baptiste St., Montreal. Offer expires April 30, 1957.

How fast Canadian cities are growing

This table shows the predicted growth pattern of Canada's sixteen major metropolitan areas. Government figures for 1951 and 1956 trace the population increases of the past six years. The 1980 predictions are from briefs presented to the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects.

	1951	1956	1980	Estimated rate of growth 1951-1980	Where your city stands
Montreal	1,395,400	1,595,327	3,047,000	114%	6
Toronto	1,117,470	1,347,905	2,820,000	155	3
Vancouver	530,728	658,813	1,425,000	168	2
Winnipeg	354,069	409,687	647,000	83	11
Ottawa	281,908	335,507	600,000	113	7
Hamilton	259,685	325,579	600,000	131	5
Quebec City	274,827	301,108	385,000	40	14
Edmonton	173,075	248,949	410,000	136	4
Calgary	139,105	196,152	400,000	184	1
Windsor	157,672	184,045	311,000	97	10
Halifax	133,931	159,678	264,000	97	10
London	121,516	153,491	240,000	97	10
Victoria	104,303	123,033	206,000	98	9
Saint John	78,337	85,121	120,000	54	13
Regina	71,319	88,797	125,000	76	12
St. John's	67,749	77,553	134,000	100	8

Canadian house builders will have to complete four million homes during the next thirty years. That will require an investment of about forty-five billion dollars—the equivalent of a trans-Canada pipeline project every two and a half months. Despite the government's recent effort to attract more investment funds into housing by a half-percent boost of the NHA mortgage interest rate to six percent, 1957 house construction is expected to drop by at least fifteen thousand units from last year's 125,000 total.

The houses that replace our outdated dwellings are likely to grow larger with the addition of family rooms, utility corners, parlors, second bathrooms and dens or studies. In 1947 houses were being built with an average area of 839 feet. Floor space of homes now being put up averages nearly 1,200 feet. The split-level housing shape—a bungalow with its basement half-lifted out of the ground—will probably predominate future residential construction.

Better tools, mass-produced components, snap-together assemblies and new, non-corrosive materials will cut the construction time of future housing. A recently invented gun-shaped implement joins steel to steel thirty times faster than bolts.

A few years ago Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation in Ottawa was receiving one or two requests a week from manufacturers for acceptance of new products under the National Housing Act. Fifty applications are now processed every month. The most exciting possibility is replacing the cumbersome wall-construction sandwich with a plastic material, foamed into place from tanker trucks. Even the humble brick is being glamorized. To make buildings technicolor counterpoints of their natural backgrounds, bricks are now being made in shades that include crimson, tangerine, purple and chartreuse.

Providing the municipal services for the doubling of Canada's population during the next thirty years will be costly and difficult. A recent survey showed that Canadian municipal officials expect that less than two thirds of the required funds will be available from present tax sources. That means municipalities may have to assume direct taxing powers. Fred Gardiner, chairman of metropolitan Toronto, has already suggested a municipal tax of seventy-five dollars on incomes over five thousand dollars a year.

One reflection of the fight to prune the costs of municipal services will be in future hospital designs. Downtown multi-story hospitals will be increasingly complemented by flat suburban structures. In the new Greater Niagara General Hospital, for example, the traditional contents of six floors have been spread around a double-decker operating-room

core, as single-floor, basementless patient-recovery units. The 250-bed complex cost \$17.45 per square foot—\$7.55 a square foot less than the average vertical hospital.

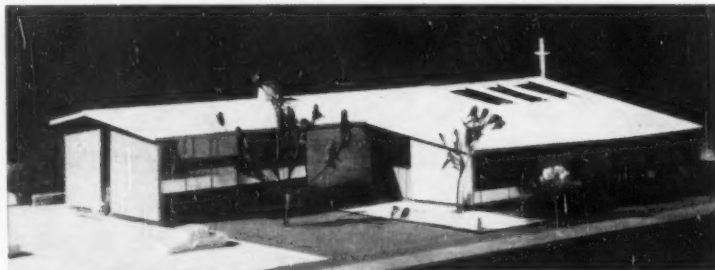
The factory, once snubbed as not worthy of attention by serious architects, is becoming Canadian architecture's handsomest product. Like the hospitals, industrial plants are moving farther from downtown, to where space is available to enclose long production lines. A recent analysis of work efficiency concluded that airy, imaginatively decorated workshops have a more positive effect on productivity than fatter pay envelopes.

Also due to become more attractive are Canada's fifteen major airports, currently undergoing a three-hundred-million-dollar modernization by the Department of Transport. Passenger traffic will move through tunnels or covered corridors projecting from spacious, modernized terminal buildings into field waiting rooms. Canada's first embarkation corridor is being built at Gander airport in eastern Newfoundland and construction will soon begin on two similar "fingers" for Dorval airport outside Montreal. New repair and storage hangars will probably have a transparent, parabolic roof made of plastic honeycombed with aluminum struts.

Known as the geodesic dome, this shape is being used for the outposts of Canada's three northern radar lines. "There is no other building technique so appropriately modern and none so potentially important for Canada," says Jeffrey Lindsay, a Montreal designer who has already built a geodesic cottage in the Laurentians, a geodesic barn at Senneville, Que., and sold the government domed Arctic warfare shelters. He has also designed an arched, 160,000-ton plastic cap for Montreal that would admit the sun but keep the city snow and rain free. He predicts that within thirty years plastic-domed cities will rise over the mineral and oil deposits of the Canadian Arctic.

Lindsay's dream of housing humanity under mushroom-like plastic may or may not come true. But along with many Canadian architects and designers, he is convinced that the cult of the cube, which has dominated building since man left his caves, should be discarded as an out-moded device.

Architecture reveals the quality of a civilization as the whorls of a sea shell mirror the living habits of the deep-sea mollusk. Out of the architectural rebirth now changing the face of Canadian cities will come bold new concepts of relating buildings to earth and sky. ★



With its clean low lines Applewood United resembles a ranch house.

The changing face of religion

New churches are being built across Canada at an even faster rate than supermarkets: one a day since 1948. Budgets of all denominations call for spending three million dollars on new construction every month during the next twenty-five years.

"Not since the cathedrals were white has Christianity witnessed such a surge of churchbuilding," says James A. Murray, a Toronto architect who has designed some of Canada's most unusual churches, including Applewood United

Church, near Cooksville, Ontario, a low-slung unchurchlike-looking building wrapped around a landscaped courtyard and surrounded by new houses.

Rev. Lawrence Purdy, pastor of Applewood United, feels that his unusual church successfully combines functional simplicity of form with the requirements of the modern congregation. "Our building," he says, "may not look like most people's idea of a church, but we worship God in simple yet beautiful surroundings."

LIVE WITH



A BUICK

A
GENERAL MOTORS
VALUE



Blair Fraser reports from Warsaw continued from page 19

"The best hope for Poland's safety is quiet in the Red empire"

passionate sympathy. Adam Wazyk, whose famous Poem for Adults was one of the first public outbursts against the Communist regime and made him a national hero, wrote three moving stanzas to the Hungarians.

The Polish government of Wladislaw Gomulka makes only the most perfunctory attempts to hide its fellow feeling for the rebels. Chou En-lai, prime minister of Red China, went to Warsaw from Moscow as a mediator; one of his objec-

tives was to make Gomulka toe the Russian line on the "attempted Fascist putsch" in Hungary. Gomulka refused to say anything of the kind. The most he would give was a rather cool recognition of the Kadar government in Hungary, and in ex-

change Chou En-lai had to pay lip service to "the Polish road to socialism"—i.e., Poland's right to deviate from the Moscow line.

But though the Poles under Gomulka are willing to defy the Russians up to a point, they must be very careful not to go too far. This is not only because they fear the Russians; they also fear the Germans.

Poland's western provinces were the eastern provinces of Germany before the war. When Russia helped herself to a slice of eastern Poland in 1945, the Poles in compensation got most of Silesia and East Prussia. From these lands they proceeded to expel four and a half million Germans and replace them with two million Poles. Many came from the territory taken by Russia, so now have nowhere else to go.

Only Russia and her satellites—including a reluctant East Germany—have recognized this western frontier of Poland. The Poles have no illusions about the real feelings of the Germans, either East or West. They want their lands back. A reunited Germany, whether it called itself Communist or anti-Communist, would make a strong bid to get them. Without Russia on their side, the Poles would have a hard time defending their postwar gains.

But even if they didn't care about the new western provinces (as some of them don't, I'm told) the Poles would still have good reason to hope that East Germany should remain quiet, Communist and captive as it is now. Poland is safer that way.

The ostensible reason for keeping Soviet troops and tanks in Poland, even now, is the need for maintaining a firm line of communication with East Germany. Trouble in East Germany, or even the threat of trouble, would give Russia a perfect excuse for moving back into Poland in full strength.

In those circumstances it is most unlikely that the Poles would fight back. One lesson of World War II is that Poland cannot survive standing alone between Russia and Germany. She has got to take one side or the other. Much as they may dislike the Russians, the Poles hate and fear the Germans more. Certainly the present Polish government, which for all its heresy is still avowedly Communist, would have no hesitation about which side to choose.

But the best course for Poland, obviously, is not to have to choose either. The best hope for her own national destiny is quiet, or comparative quiet, in the rest of the Soviet empire. I haven't been in any of the Balkan satellites, but recent statements there and in Yugoslavia seem to indicate the same line of thought is prevalent among them. Each for its own national reasons, the various parts of the Soviet "bloc" want calm and the appearance of solidarity in order to take their own steps toward freedom.

However, the unifying effect of disunity in the Soviet empire is offset by the divisive effect of the common state religion, Communism. For a variety of reasons the Communist faith is tending to split the Communist world.

In all the satellites, even the poorest of them, the arrival of Communism brought a sharp drop in the ordinary man's standard of living and a sharp rise in the severity of his work. In the coal mines of Poland, for instance, its most immediate result was the introduction of a seven-day week. But the extra work brought little or no extra return to the worker. An official statement last year that real wages had risen by twenty-seven percent brought such a storm of public indignation and ridicule that it had to be retracted.

I didn't get these facts from Western propaganda, or even from conversations

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with disgruntled individuals, though even the casual visitor finds plenty of those. I got them from official pronouncements of the present government of Poland and its popular national leader, Gomulka.

Speaking last October to the Eighth Plenum of the Central Committee, the governing body of the Polish Communist Party, Gomulka painted a brutally frank picture of his country's economy:

Coal output per man-day is twelve percent lower than in 1949 when Poland's Six-Year Plan began, and thirty-six percent below 1938.

Communist collective farms have had every encouragement—special privileges for machinery and fertilizer, tax concessions, great outlays of investment—yet production per acre on individual farms is still fifty percent higher than on collectives.

New housing has been less than half the amount required to maintain the level of 1950. "During the Six-Year Plan about six hundred thousand rooms fell into ruin."

Strikes and riots like those in Poznan last June were a protest against bad economic planning. "The clumsy attempt to present the Poznan tragedy as the work of imperialist agents and provocateurs was very naïve politically."

Who then is to blame? "Ourselves, the party, leadership of the government. The inflammable materials were accumulated for years."

Talk like that, and the fact that he spent nearly five years in prison for holding such views prematurely, have made Gomulka a national hero in Poland. But it is a somewhat odd role for a Communist leader, and it poses a curious dilemma for the Communist faithful.

"He knows what hard times are"

There is no confusion or doubt among ordinary people, of course. Along with half a dozen other reporters I toured a number of towns and villages near Warsaw on Poland's election day, stopping at every polling booth and talking to people as they went in and came out. Almost all said they were for Gomulka, but all for the same reason: "We think maybe things will be better now, with him."

In the village of Kolbiel, a farming community near Minsk, we stopped in the street and were instantly the centre of a good-natured holiday crowd. They were full of a farmer's usual complaints: taxes too high, prices too low; and they had no inhibitions about criticizing the government. But they thought Gomulka would do better than anyone else, because "he's been in prison and he knows what hard times are like."

What did they expect him to do for them?

"We want to be an independent country. We don't want any more interference from the Russians. Maybe Gomulka can get some money from the Americans, but we don't want interference from them either."

What did they think about Western countries—the U. S., Britain, Canada?

"Stalinists used to tell us the United States was a poor country. (Roars of laughter.) If they are so poor, how can they send us parcels?"

A young girl cut in: "Why don't they let some of us go and see how poor people are in other countries? I'll volunteer to go."

This jolly cynicism was all very well for ordinary folk. For the professed Communist, and especially for the sincere believer, the switchover from Stalin's to Gomulka's doctrine was a much more difficult matter.

At another village we met one of these, a young man who was a Commu-

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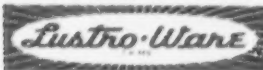
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nist Party member and a community leader, the sort of lad who at home would be president of the junior board of trade. Asked why the support for Gomulka seemed to be so unanimous, he answered: "We feel that now, at last, we have a leader whom we can believe."

I asked him whether he had held the same opinion of Gomulka before the momentous events of last October, when the old Stalinist crowd was ousted from power in Poland and Gomulka, the ex-heretic, brought in. The young man blushed a little, and said, "The big fish knew all the time what was going on, but little fish like me didn't know."

Little fish did not know, for example, what Communist officials now admit, that the trade agreements signed after the war were no more than a systematic looting of the satellite empire by the Soviet Union. Poland undertook to deliver twelve million tons of coal a year, about half of its total export, to the Soviet Union for \$1.45 a ton. This at a time when coal was selling in the open market for twelve to sixteen dollars. Later the Soviet Union graciously raised the price to two dollars a ton in order to cover the actual cost of freight from the Polish mines to Russia. Not until after the death of Stalin was this "agreement" torn up and replaced by a more reasonable one, though even now Poland sells coal to Russia for about two dollars a ton less than the world price.

Apparently the same kind of relationship persists with other satellite countries, too. In Moscow, generally speaking, prices are high and quality low in consumer goods like clothing. Every once in a while, though, sensational bargains appear in the shops. For very low prices (by Russian standards) Muscovites can buy good men's suits and women's dresses—made in Czechoslovakia.

But if little fish in the Communist ponds were ignorant of this sort of thing, still less did they know of the dreadful things done in the name of Communist justice. Last year among the political prisoners set free in Poland were three members of the wartime underground. They had spent eleven years in jail, and two of them were two years in the death cell before their capital sentences were commuted to life imprisonment, for the crime of working against the orthodox Communist underground and its high command in Russia.

These three men refused to accept the general amnesty; instead they demanded and got a new trial. The evidence was horrifying. They told of undergoing torture to elicit not only confessions of their own guilt, but testimony against other innocent people. The witnesses who had made the case against the three men swore that similar brutality had forced them to give false evidence.

Again, I don't get these facts from hostile propaganda; I got them from the Polish press, where the retrial was fully reported.

The effect of these revelations among the Communist rank and file has been volcanic. Last November there appeared in a leading Warsaw newspaper a sensational article entitled Poznan-Budapest, in which the situations leading to riots in Poland and rebellion in Hungary were compared.

The author, Roman Jurys, is a young Communist. I'm told that before Nikita Khrushchev told the truth about Stalin at the Communist Party congress in Moscow a year ago, Jurys was rather rigidly orthodox in his Communist views. By last November he was finding the Poznan and Budapest situations almost identical. He found two resemblances between them in particular:

"First, all social levels have opposed the existing authority," and shown "immense hatred of the Stalinist system of terror."

Second: "Disappearance of the Communist Party from the surface of political life. The party was ruled by its apparatus... The fiction of moral and political unity of our community corresponded to the fiction of an always uniform party, harmonious and consolidated."

Third resemblance: the struggle for national sovereignty. "It is unfortunate that Hungary lacked wise leaders." On the other hand, it was not surprising that "the Communist Party of the Soviet Union failed to draw correct conclusions from the exposure of Stalinism, because the Soviet party itself was too deeply implicated. This may explain the particular carefulness of our Soviet comrades, their zigzagging, their lack of consistency and their return to Stalinist methods."

Jurys concludes: "Hungary is a mutiny, on an international scale, against the Stalinist violation of objective rights in the process of developing socialism."

Quite plainly he believes that the Poznan riot was a similar mutiny on a local or perhaps national scale.

Communists of this kind are now the supporters and lieutenants of Gomulka in Poland. Such men exist in all parts of the Soviet empire, including Soviet Russia itself, though here they have been more and more sternly repressed of late. But even in Poland they have not been able to put the ship of state about and set off on the new tack without considerable commotion.

Last December Gomulka himself went down into the mining areas to speak to the rebellious miners and appeal to them for more production. Poland had been five million tons below her export target for 1956, he said, which meant a deficit of a hundred million dollars in foreign exchange; in 1957, unless things improved, there would be a shortage of ten million tons and a deficit of two hundred million dollars.

Working discipline would have to be restored in the mines, said Gomulka. In recent months some mine bosses had been beaten up by workers, others had even been run out of the mines in wheelbar-

rows. Some were now afraid to go underground at all, and left the men to do their work unsupervised. Such behavior, said Gomulka, must stop.

But Gomulka's party enemies, who number thousands, have said from the beginning that such behavior was inevitable when Stalinist severity was relaxed. These critics are silenced for the moment, but they are still there. One solid disgruntled group is the former security police, of whom thousands were dismissed when the ministry of internal security was abolished last year. Now these men cannot get other jobs, just because they were formerly members of the hated security force. They are biding their time, nursing their grudge. So are thousands of party officials who used to be influential and are now no longer so.

This is what is meant by the wry jest now current in Warsaw: "Gomulka has the people with him and the Roman Catholic Church with him, but he has the Communist Party against him."

What discredits these party regulars though in the eyes not only of common folk, but of true believers in the Communist gospel, is their evident willingness to pay lip service to whatever faction is in power and whatever doctrine is official at the moment. They all sang the praises of Josef Stalin throughout that bloody tyrant's lifetime, although they of all people knew what he was really like. Now they are dutifully denouncing the "cult of personality" because Khrushchev told them to do so, and repeating slogans against Stalin as glibly as they once proclaimed his wisdom and mercy. The whole Communist hierarchy has been exposed as a vast Vicarage of Bray.

Only a smashing victory was safe

The only Communists who completely escape this suspicion of time-serving are those who, like Gomulka, suffered for their heretical views in the previous dispensation. Gomulka was imprisoned six years ago for saying very much what he says today, for believing in "national Communism." That is what gives him the confidence of his people.

Nevertheless, Gomulka is still a Communist. Even such anti-Communists as Cardinal Wyszyński, the Roman Catholic primate of Poland, recognize that the head of any Polish government today must be a Communist if the government is to survive. When Wyszyński and the priests of Poland led their flocks to the polls, and thus tacitly endorsed the Gomulka government, they were recognizing this hard fact. Any Polish government that rejected the philosophy of Communism would be overthrown by Russian tanks, as was the Nagy government in Hungary, and the now-deposed Stalinists of the so-called "Natolin group" would be restored to despotic power.

Gomulka seems to have feared that this might happen even if he got less than a smashing majority in the Polish election. Like all Communist elections it offered the voters only one approved list of candidates, but unlike the others it did permit some margin of choice. In most constituencies six candidates were offered for only four seats, and voters could pick the four they liked best. Those that the government liked best were the first four on the list; if the top two on each list had been scratched off, this would have been a stinging rebuke to the government even though no alternative government could have been elected.

For a while it looked as if this might happen. Gomulka himself went on the radio and television on the eve of election day to appeal to the people, in tones that sounded almost desperate, not to exercise the privilege he had given them of

scratching off names. The punch line of his speech was this: "To cross out the candidates of our party means to cross out the independence of our country, to cross out Poland from the map of European states."

One result of this appeal was mere intimidation. On election day we gave a lift to a peasant woman who was walking back from the polling station to her home a mile and a half away. Our interpreter asked whether or not she had crossed out any names on the ballot.

"No," she said. "It said on the radio

that we are forbidden to cross out names."

Before she got out of the car she asked, "Why are you asking me these questions? Will I be arrested?"

However, she was an exception to the general rule. Most people we met had no hesitation in voicing their discontent, and were voting for Gomulka as the man most likely to change a bad situation. All foreign observers agree that Gomulka really has the backing of the vast majority of Poles.

Thus we get the curious paradox: the only man who can effectively oppose

Soviet Communism and bring some freedom of choice into the Soviet bloc is, and must be, a Communist. Moreover, the chief motive force behind his government is whatever fire and fanaticism remains in the Communist faith in satellite countries.

For Western nations, this makes a dilemma out of an urgent question of policy: should they or should they not support the Gomulka government and give it what help they can?

Gomulka needs help badly. Poland's desperate poverty is the main cause of



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discontent there. People are with him because they think he can relieve it; they may turn against him if he can't. Is it in the interests of the West to make sure that Gomulka does not fail?

He will not, of course, be an ally. Even if she wanted to—and there is no real evidence that she does want to—Poland could not turn against the Soviet Union. That would be national suicide. Hungary's fate has shown what befalls a satellite country that tries to take even a neutral position.

Poland will still be part of the Soviet sphere of influence and part of the Soviet economic network. Poland has already got large amounts of economic aid from the Soviet Union; not enough to make up for the loot she lost during the last years of Stalin, but enough to offset it considerably. What she wants from the West is not a replacement for Soviet aid, but an addition to it.

Nevertheless, the consensus among Western diplomats in Poland seems to be that we ought to help Gomulka. His example, they think, is the best thing we could hope for in the Soviet empire. If he fails, the Communist bloc will be restored to all its monolithic unanimity. If he succeeds, other "national Communist" leaders may take heart, and a growing autonomy among Russia's satellites may gradually and peacefully break up her domain.

It will not be easy for these diplomats to carry their point, especially in the United States. Before the U.S. Congress can be persuaded to vote money for a Communist country, many senators will have to change their minds. Also, some laws may have to be amended.

"Did you realize," a Polish official asked me, "that in 1946 our country borrowed forty million dollars from the

Export-Import Bank in Washington?"

I said no, I hadn't; what happened to the loan?

"It was no use to us. We tried to buy capital goods with it, but in 1949 we were prevented by export restrictions from getting even the goods we had already paid for. We had to resell them, at a considerable loss."

"Until last summer all our trade with the United States was one way. We sold there about fifteen or twenty million dollars worth each year, but we found we couldn't do anything much with the money. Everything we wanted to buy was either forbidden because it was on the strategic list, or else we could get it cheaper elsewhere."

This matter of trade with Communist Poland raises a question for Canada. Economic aid in the form of grants or massive loans must come mainly from the U.S.; Poland needs about a quarter of a billion dollars in capital equipment, over and above what she has already got from the Soviet Union, and Canada couldn't contribute more than a small fraction of it. Trade is another thing.

Up to now Canada, like other NATO countries, has followed the U.S. lead in trading with the Communist bloc. Goods that the U.S. considers "strategic" are not sold by U.S. allies to potential U.S. enemies. But is Gomulka's Poland still an enemy?

If we think not, should we nevertheless wait until the U.S. congress changes its mind and amends its own laws? Or should we, on our side of the curtain, take this occasion to assert our own independence?

These are some of the questions that Wladislaw Gomulka has forced upon the Western world. It will be interesting to see what the government and parliament of Canada decide to do about them. ★

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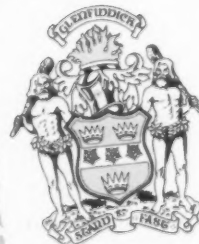
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Mailbag

The case of Mom Whyte's kids

Surely there is a moral in the story of Mom Whyte and her eighty kids (Should They Let Mom Whyte Keep Her Children?, Feb. 2) . . . How the federal government and parliament are able to sleep on a five-billion-dollar budget while the kids at Mom Whyte's are getting less than the best is not understandable. Let the prime minister add the cost of running this home to the budget and he will receive only praise. There is no need to say we cannot do it—man, we're loaded! — H. J. GIESBRECHT, HALIFAX.

● In a land where thousands of children become schizophrenic from what even science has begun to diagnose as lack of love, there are those who censure Mom Whyte for cutting through denominational red tape and taking literally the teachings of Christ whom our churches claim to serve . . . God help us all.—MISS M. RANDOLPH, VANCOUVER.

● You have done a skillful job of describing the Whyte "haven" and clearly indicated the dangers in this type of child care. — MARION MURPHY, ACTING SECRETARY, FAMILY AND CHILD WELFARE DIVISION, CANADIAN WELFARE COUNCIL, OTTAWA.

● Mrs. Whyte is a saint and may God some day place a few more like her in some of our so-called helping agencies. —MRS. E. BUNKE, NEW TORONTO, ONT.

● I visited Mrs. Whyte's haven recently and was appalled.—MRS. J. P. PATERSON, DON MILLS, ONT.

Where do you fly the flag?

In Peter Whalley's Jan. 5 cover the centre stamp, Canada As A World Power, puts the Union Jack in second place to the flag of the U.S. Artists should be careful always to show our flag on the right side. Am I right? — F. H. HUGHES, WINNIPEG.



The patriotic gleam is in the left eye of Whalley's figure, which seems to be correct from Whalley's position. But actually military etiquette—but not law—says that our flag should be flown on the right, which would be in Whalley's figure's right eye.

No sympathy for a wolf

According to Parade (Feb. 2) a dog caught in a trap calls for sympathy, but a wolf suffering in the same manner is merely funny. An interesting sidelight on the hypocrisy of our moral attitudes. —MISS S. J. STEVENSON, TORONTO.

In Defense of Elvis

Clyde Gilmour gave a very prejudiced view on Elvis Presley's film, Love Me Tender (Jan. 19). I'm inclined to think he didn't even see the picture. Presley's acting was superb, his singing as good



as always. Sure he's different, but weren't Sinatra and Johnnie Ray too? —MARGARET LAMPI, COPPER CLIFF, ONT.

Gilmour sees every picture he reviews.

Do teachers have it tough?

In Maclean's of July 21, 1956, Hugh MacLennan spoke of "having spent ten years teaching in an elementary school—a job so tough that everything I have done since seemed easy." Now whose experience is quoted in Careers in Canada (Jan. 19)?—FRED RICHARDSON, OTTAWA.

The Jan. 19 article describes working conditions for teachers as "excellent."

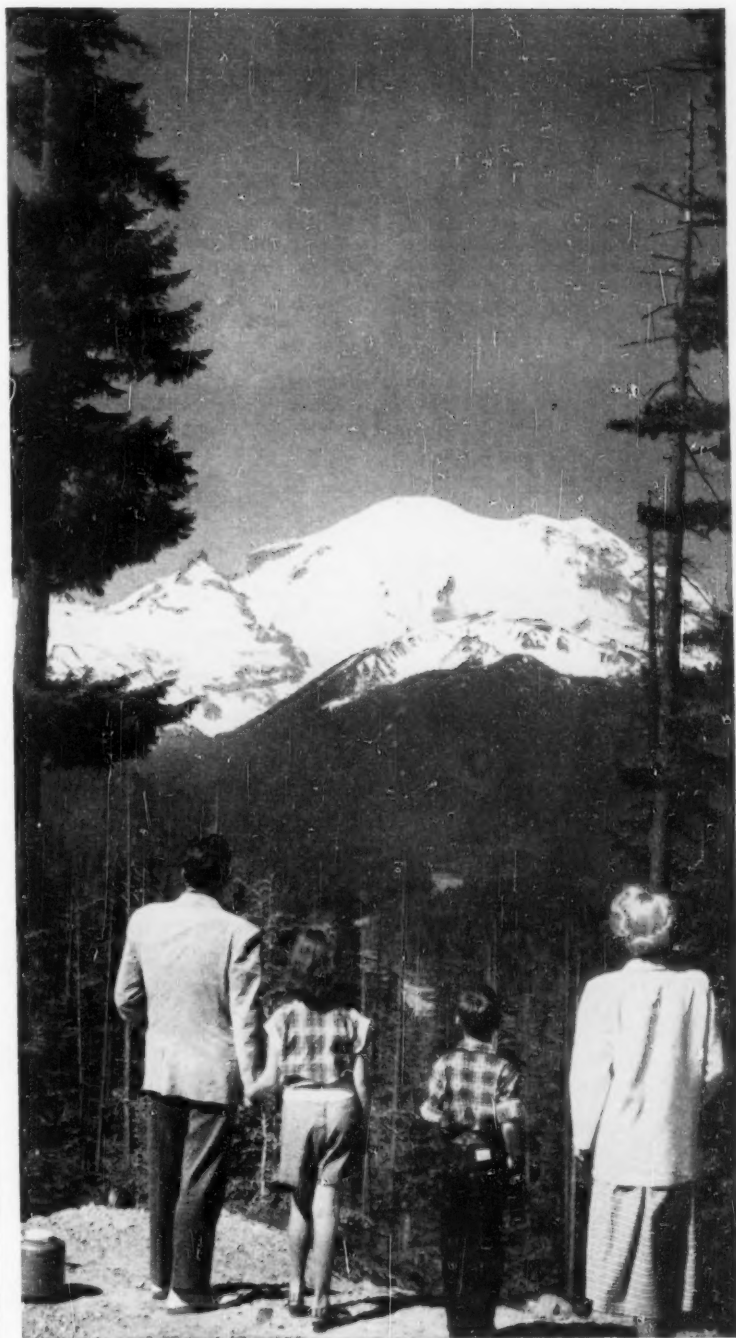
Who are our friends now?

In his report from Baghdad (Feb. 2) Blair Fraser makes much of the respect Canada has gained among the undemocratic Arab nations, but he says nothing about the friendship she has lost in Britain by lining up on the side of Russia and Egypt.—H. K. WELLS, STANSTEAD, QUE.

What's behind "painless charity"?

Re Why I'm Against the United Fund by Rev. William P. Jenkins (Jan. 19): The chief reason for a United Fund is that this had been proved to be the most effective method of obtaining essential funds for the great number of charitable institutions in metropolitan centres . . .

Surely Jenkins displays less than a full measure of charity when he protests against Protestants being "compelled" to support Catholic charities and Catholics being "compelled" to support Jewish charities . . . Actually, he is wrong. Any contributor may specify the charities to which he wishes his donation to be applied, although most don't.—J. E. THOMPSON, TORONTO. ★



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Backstage among the satellites

Continued from page 8

"If your system is better than ours," I asked, "why jam our broadcasts?" I never got an answer

at once to talk about something else. After all, nobody really knew where the live microphone might be concealed.

Even worse than the surveillance, though, is the exclusion of news from abroad. Foreign publications are rigorously banned, and the effect is a news hunger that affects the whole population. Last summer, motoring in Communist Rumania, a Canadian discovered that a copy of an American fashion magazine can be rented out for a hundred lei a day. I don't know what that represents in dollars, but it is more than the average Rumanian workman earns.

Czechs seem more ashamed of this ban on foreign publications than of any other aspect of communism. They can deny or even defend such things as arbitrary arrests by the secret police, or the systematic looting of its empire by Soviet Russia which has left even rich Czechoslovakia poor by its own high standards. What they can neither deny nor defend is the fact that their leaders keep them blindfolded.

I raised the question with every one of the few Czechs I was able to meet (they're frightened of foreigners, with good reason) and always in the same terms: "If your system is so much better than ours, why are you afraid to let people hear from the other side? Why spend so much money jamming foreign broadcasts?"

I never got an answer. One man suggested, in his office, that maybe the Czech people were not yet educated enough in politics; when I protested that the Czechs were among the best-educated people in the world, he said only, "Thanks very much." But out of doors, where no concealed microphone could possibly be listening, he said he hoped and believed that the ban on foreign publications and broadcasts would soon be lifted.

"After all," said a factory manager on the same topic, "two years ago I would not have been allowed to take you through this factory, and we would not have been able to have this conversation. We are making progress, and I hope we shall go on to more freedom."

That was Czechoslovakia. Poland is much closer to being a free country—so much closer, indeed, that Czechoslovakia now keeps out Polish newspapers as well as those from the capitalist West.

Poles like to tell a story about two dogs who meet on the Czech-Polish border. One, a pathetically skinny beast, was headed for Czechoslovakia; the other, fat and sleek, was on his way to Poland. Each asked the other why he was going.

"I'm going to Czechoslovakia for a square meal," said the first dog. "Look at me—I'm starving. Poland is a terribly poor country. Why on earth are you leaving Czechoslovakia to go there?"

"Because I want to bark a little," said the second dog.

Perhaps because they have been muzzled so long, the Poles seem really to believe that they have freedom of speech now. "There are few countries in the world," said a Warsaw editorial, "where freedom of speech is so great, where the

press is so interesting, and where the rule of law is so well grounded as here."

It's true that the press in Poland has shown amazing courage. Criticisms of the government have appeared—not only of the old, pre-Gomulka government but even of the present regime. Writers have roundly denounced the state monopoly of publishing. A teacher of English ridiculed the authorized English textbook as "something like a medieval Bible," and asked for one that would give some idea how the English talk, think and live today.

Polish newspapers sent their own correspondents to cover the Hungarian rebellion, and the reports were honest and damning. One journalist even told how he had been "saddened" to hear a Hungarian peasant say: "We want no more communism of any kind. We've had enough of it—we're fed up."

Perhaps more daringly still, another reported that "despite everything, the standard of living in Hungary is higher than in Poland. Life is better organized here than at home."

There are other signs of freedom that make Poland a refreshing contrast to other Communist countries. For example, it has lately become possible for a few people to leave the country both as visitors and as permanent emigrants. The Canadian legation here, which in 1954 issued only six visas during the whole year, is now issuing more than a hundred a month to Poles who, for the first time since before the war, are now able to get passports from their government.

Canadian red tape is longest

Most of the emigrants are elderly—women whose husbands went to Canada in the 1930s, parents of Polish DPs now in Canada. A few are wives and children of former prisoners-of-war or veterans of the Polish army. However, the age distribution is imposed as much by Canadian as by Polish regulations. Only relatives of Canadian citizens are being admitted, and those outside the immediate family must be over sixty-five or under twenty.

(Incidentally, I was dismayed to find that it takes Canadian bureaucrats longer to give a visa to a visiting Pole than it takes Polish bureaucrats to give a visa to a Canadian. The lag in Canada used to be four months, has lately been cut down to six weeks; in one urgent case, the application of a pregnant woman, the visa was obtained in only three weeks. I got my visa to Poland in ten days.)

But in all these cases, the degree of freedom is not as great as it appears to be.

The value of education

Gone are those secret dinner talks We held for six long years. For now our child knows how to spell And eats with all his ears.

LOIS F. PASLEY

Visitors to other countries, for example, are always people who leave hostages behind—husbands or wives or children—as a pledge of their return. Those permitted to emigrate permanently are mostly the non-producers, the old or the very young.

As for the freedom of speech and press, it is strictly limited. Criticism is permitted only within the framework of the Communist system. There is no intention of offering an open forum to those who criticize the regime in principle—only to those who "desire the development of socialism."

Press censorship is still in effect. During the election campaign some party moguls promised, perhaps insincerely, to introduce legislation to abolish it, but few people here believe the legislation will even be proposed. I met no one at all who thinks it will be adopted, and censorship actually abandoned.

I questioned a Polish Catholic journalist about this. If Poland were really a free country, why should freedom of speech be curtailed at all?

Because of the Soviet Union, he replied. The Russians were very sensitive to criticism, especially just now. Also, they were on the watch for an excuse to intervene and subjugate Poland; if Poles were allowed to speak their minds they'd be sure to give such an excuse.

"Let's face it," he said. "Every Pole hates every Russian empire—Czarist or Communist, it really makes no difference." ★

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THE WORLD OVER



IN THE editors' confidence



THEN: Half a century ago, only large Vancouver building was Vancouver hotel.



NOW: Skyscraper cluster includes spanking new B. C. Electric building (see page 13).

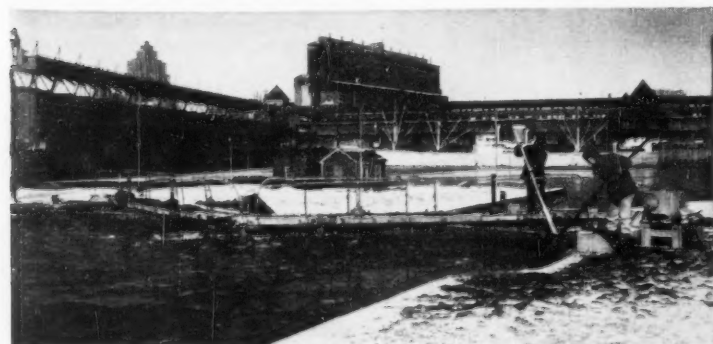
How Canada's face has changed

After reading Peter Newman's story about the changing face of Canada (pages 11 to 15) and looking at the photographs of the changing skyline that accompany it, our mind harked back to William Notman's photographs of an earlier Canada. We rummaged through the collection of half a million pictures, which Maclean's helped McGill University to purchase, and among others we came up with the two on this page showing Vancouver and Montreal harbor during the last century. Then we asked Jack Long in Vancouver and Basil Zarov in Montreal to take matching shots from

a similar spot on the two waterfronts. Zarov had a terrible time, because Montreal's waterfront has changed so much in eighty years, but the spires of Notre Dame at the left of the photo finally helped him get his bearings. The results, we think, dramatically emphasize the vast transformation that has come over this country since Confederation—a transformation that Peter Newman says will continue at an accelerated rate. We plan, incidentally, to publish more of these matching photographs of various Canadian cities, using the Notman collection as basic research. ★



THEN: In 1870s, Montreal harbor was a forest of masts in days of wooden ships.



NOW: Grain elevators and loading tracks completely encircle the same area.

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What Russians like about Canada

A Russian journalist did a tour of Canada recently and stopped off at Fort William, Ont., where he fell into the clutches of an enthusiastic tourist-bureau man. For half an hour he got the full treatment on the glories of the Ontario northwest—the climate, the country, the industrial potential, the sport, the culture, the beautiful girls. After the publicity man reached the climax of his persuasive performance he seemed to experience a relapse: the enthusiasm died from his voice, the gleam faded from his eye. "But would you believe it," he complained glumly, "some of our eastern writers still refer to this country as the Siberia of Canada."

The Russian pondered this for a moment and then exclaimed, "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?"

* * *

It has been a deep winter in the Summit Lake area, north of Prince George, B.C., and one resident completely lost patience with the highway snow-cleaning crews. Ten feet up a tall post at the corner of Landing Road and the John Hart highway—well above the highest snow mark—he nailed a sign bearing this terse message: "Public road. Four families live here. Plow it."

* * *

There's a hard-working woman in Winnipeg who boards a bus for the rush-hour ride home, elbows her way to a seat, then pulls out and sets a small alarm clock which she tucks back into her shopping bag. Fifteen minutes later and halfway across town the clock's shrill



tinkle wakens her, just in time for her stop. Her timing's foolproof because buses are never ahead of schedule, particularly in rush hours.

* * *

There's a grandmothers' bridge club in Calgary that has its own house rules to guarantee that there are sufficient lulls in the conversation for those who wish to play cards. The first fifteen minutes of the afternoon sessions are devoted exclusively to talk about grandchildren (snapshots permitted), then ten minutes is allotted to oil stocks. After that everybody has to keep quiet and play bridge.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A Toronto dentist, who is the methodical painstaking type of chap who likes to keep his life neat and tidy at all times, was even more than normally put out when his home was broken into and robbed on three separate occasions. Located on a ravine, the house was appar-



ently more vulnerable than most, so the dentist decided to take special steps to protect it. Of a mechanical bent, he ingeniously wired every window and door on the ground floor so that if they were tampered with, a large and loud bell on the outside of the house would raise the alarm. He wasn't satisfied until he and his wife gave it every kind of a test and he'd convinced himself it was foolproof. So they went happily away for the week end, the dentist taking his customary precaution of turning the power off before they left. And by the time they returned Sunday night the house had been broken into a fourth time.

* * *

We feel it our duty to report on even the slightest flouting of the democratic procedure, even if we're a little late hearing about it. We have it on good authority that when Winnipeg held a liquor referendum last fall, all the waste-paper containers in one polling booth were empty beer cartons.

* * *

A nineteen-year-old RCAF man arrived home in Aylmer, Que., on leave and proudly introduced the woman of his choice—an airwoman from England. His parents quite took to the girl, particularly when she told them that, never having been baptized as a child and always having felt badly about it, she had arranged for the padre at their RCAF station to baptize her just a few days before. They were just a bit bemused, however, when shown her brand-new baptismal certificate, to find their son listed as the girl's godfather. Thanks to a subsequent ceremony, moreover, the airman's mother now finds that she is her son's god-daughter's mother-in-law.



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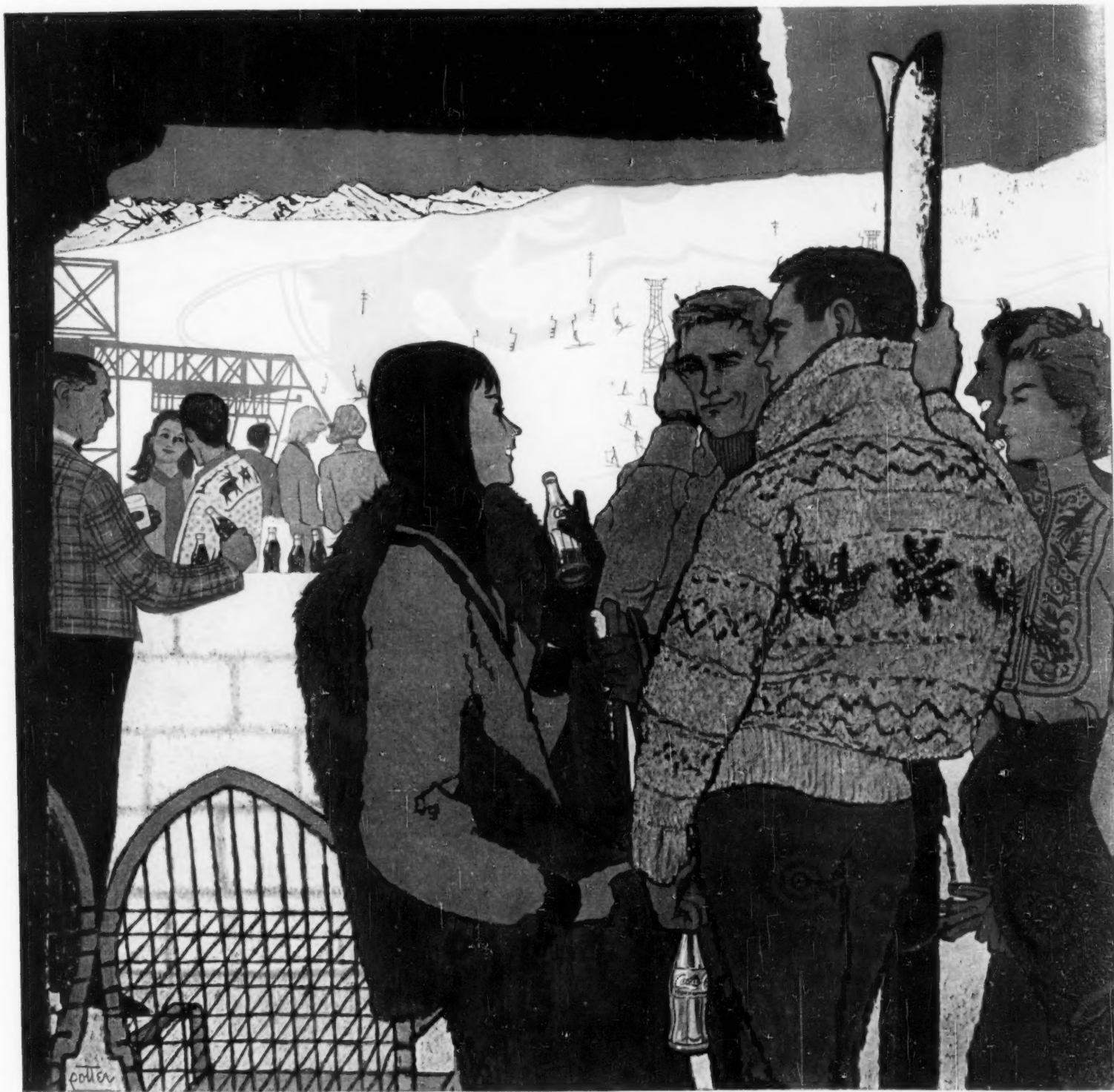
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